

The Elks

Magazine



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WIDLICKA
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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
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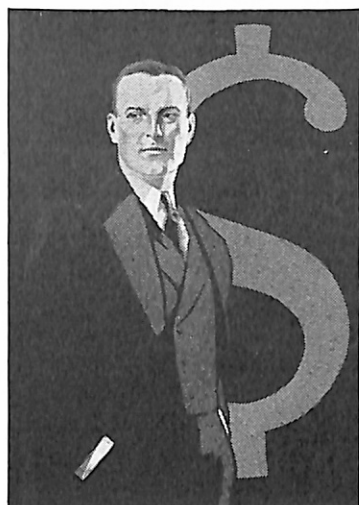
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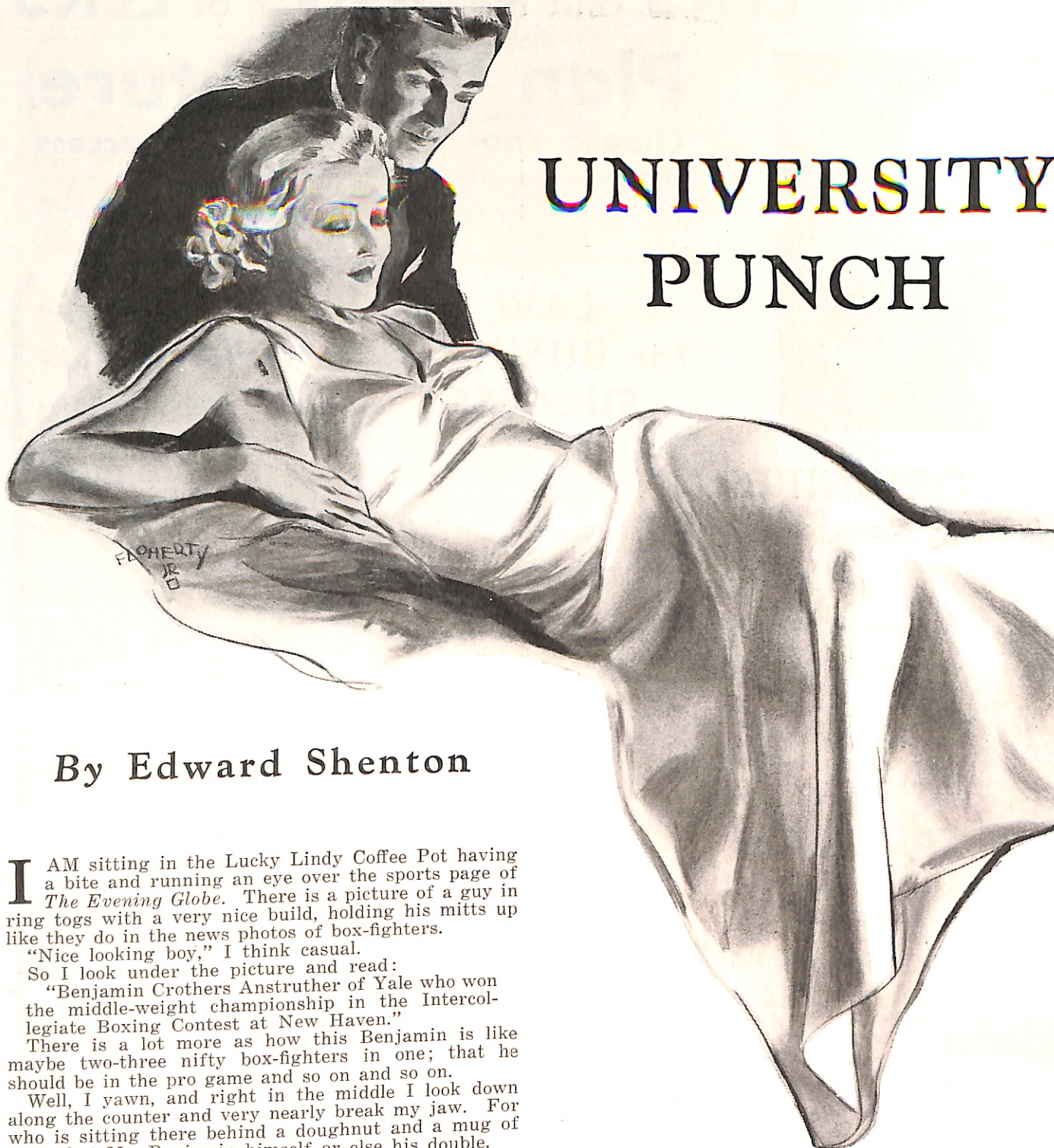
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UNIVERSITY PUNCH

By Edward Shenton

I AM sitting in the Lucky Lindy Coffee Pot having a bite and running an eye over the sports page of *The Evening Globe*. There is a picture of a guy in ring togs with a very nice build, holding his mitts up like they do in the news photos of box-fighters.

"Nice looking boy," I think casual.

So I look under the picture and read:

"Benjamin Crothers Anstruther of Yale who won the middle-weight championship in the Intercollegiate Boxing Contest at New Haven."

There is a lot more as how this Benjamin is like maybe two-three nifty box-fighters in one; that he should be in the pro game and so on and so on.

Well, I yawn, and right in the middle I look down along the counter and very nearly break my jaw. For who is sitting there behind a doughnut and a mug of coffee but Mr. Benjamin himself or else his double.

It is then, while I am still trying to get my jaw back into place, that I have my big idea. At first it is just a little idea, what you might call a hunch, maybe. But before I can more than turn around it is so big that I recognize it as the kind that comes only once in a lifetime.

As a result I move to the stool next to this boy and say polite,

"It's none of my business but ain't you Mr. Benjamin Anstruther who slapped a guy silly up at Yale College the other eve?"

He grins and admits that he is.

"I did not expect to see you here," I say. "Shouldn't you be up at Yale College receiving the diamond diploma or whatever comes with winning a Big Event?"

He lets go a sigh that comes straight up from the heart and says, "Maybe I don't wish I was," and then a whole lot more until I gather this Yale College is

the one place on the map for Benjamin. Then he goes on to explain as how a bank explodes in some burg up in Connecticut and when they dig out the depositors his old man has nothing left but the mortgage on the Anstruther farm and a lot of checks that have come back marked "No such bank". And that is why he has pulled out of college and come to New York so as to keep a roof over the old folks.

"Well," I say, "that is a tough break and maybe you and I could make a little deal that might mean considerable jack."

He says, "Jack is what I need, as maybe you guess and I am willing to listen to anything."

So I tell him of how much coin is made by fighters



He parks at Dinky's and spends every evening talking about Yale College. I mention that I am sick of hearing about Yale College

and so on, and would he not like to get his hands on a little. I make a good play of it and when I finish this Benjamin says,

"If you really think I could make some money fighting, I'd give it a try, Mr. —"

"Call me Sam," I say. "And just leave it to me."

At that he says "O. K." and I make a date for him to meet me at Benny Firstein's Health Institute the next a.m.

"You will never regret it," I add, and dash out to find Dinky Hepman.

Now this Dinky Hepman is a friend of mine. He is a little guy, and a manager of box-fighters by occupation, although he never had much luck at it.

I have been worrying about him a lot, for besides that I like Dinky, there is Rose. Rose is Dinky's kid. He has brought her up since her mother died when she was just talking, and she is just about the swellest kid you ever meet. I think it is tough that she has to live in two rooms with the El going through the front one, but she never lets out that she don't like it better than a Park Ave. duplex; and I guess if she don't hold down a job on a typewriter, Dinky wouldn't eat as regular as he does. She and Dinky is great pals, though, and she calls him Dinky even if he is her old man.

I never know just how good I stand with Rose, and I do not like to ask outright. My bank account is not much, and if sometime she will tie up with me, I want her in the home and not somebody's office. I do not mean to pull any sap stuff but there is only one woman for me, which is Dinky's Rose.

By now I reach the place and Rose comes to the door. She looks so cute with her blond hair pulled back of her ears and a big apron with flowers on it up to her neck that I get tongue-tied and stand grinning at her.

"Oh, hello, Sam," she says. "You're just in time for some coffee."

I go in and Dinky is finishing his lunch. I put the copy of *The Evening Globe* on the table, point to the picture of Benjamin and recite what I have done.

Dinky only says, "The guy's probably got a university punch which is like being slugged with an eclair." Seeing that my idea has got nowhere with him, I am more sold on it than ever. I say,

"The days of mugs in the fight racket is now over for good. The big shots are gentlemen who know how to wear swell clothes and behave in public places like night clubs. Here is a chance to cop a real college boy who will get you a lot of publicity and jack."

When I finish, Rose says, "Sam is right. Dinky, if you pass this one up, I walk right out on you and trust my future with Sam."

Maybe that don't make me feel good. Dinky says nothing, but I can see he's giving it some real thought. He has a lot of faith in Rose and her falling for it right off gives him sort of a jolt.

"Well," he says at last, "maybe it's a fine idea and maybe it ain't. Anyway, we'll give it a try."

After that the frost goes out of the air and we get friendly again and have such a swell time that I hate to go back to my penthouse over the Consolidated Cut-rate Drug Store on Eighth Ave.

The next morning Dinky and I meet Benjamin at Firstein's gym and we do the necessary business. We decide that the less our college boy is in evidence the more will everybody want to see him. So we ship him to a farm I know of over in Jersey, and then we go about spreading some stories concerning our new box-fighter.

Well, all this is duck-soup for the sports-writers, who is always on the look-out for what they call "human-interest" stuff. They is write-ups plenty and pictures of Benjamin, and everybody is wondering.

A week later Dinky phones me that Benjamin is to box Spiggy Waxman in the second bout of Max Arrenberg's next show, provided that the booze can be wrung out of Spiggy in time, so that he can stand without being held up.

"I am going out to New Jersey to see this Benjamin, Sattaday," Dinky adds. "Rose wants to go, so you better come along."

It is a nice ride out to the farm. The afternoon is a great success, although Benjamin has a lot to say to Rose, but I think that is just from being a college boy. Later he takes her to see a bunch of ducks that live on a pond back of the farmhouse. I don't think much of this idea, and on the way home, when Rose says, casual, "He is nice," it gives me something else to think about.

Anyway, the night of the fight comes. There is a big crowd and Dinky is so nervous he can't swallow. I am somewhat the same as we bring Benjamin down the aisle in his blue bathrobe and settle him in his corner. I watch Benjamin close, but he is cool as a daisy. He smiles at Spiggy and gives him a friendly hand-shake. The bell rings and we turn loose our hurricane. It is nothing more or less. He is on poor old Waxman like a tiger who has not et regular in six months. In the first minute he hits him fifty times. Spiggy goes down, gets up, goes down, and keeps on repeating, until—finally—he don't get up.

The ref raises Benjamin's glove and we take our hero back to the dressing room amid a fine hand.

The next day, since the main bout was a flop, Benjamin gets all the breaks from the sports-writers and it looks like we was all set. It seems as if everybody wants to lay an eye on this college box-fighter, and in the next week we get telegrams and phone calls from promoters as far west as Omaha.

Now Dinky is nothing if not careful. He gets Benjamin bouts here and there in places like Phillie and Buffalo and Kansas City with boys who he knows in advance. They is gone from our midst for two—three months. Benjamin's string of K.O.'s begins to look real impressive and there is plenty talk about him going up and down. Well, presently I hear they will

return shortly and I am anxious to see Dinky and hear the story.

The train pulls in and there is Dinky but no Benjamin. "Where is the Yale College bulldog," I ask, for by now I am up on those little things that matter to college boys.

Dinky replies as how he stopped off in Whitesville, or someplace, to leave a little coin with the old folks, and let the kids have a look at the up-and-coming middle-weight. Dinky don't seem happy. We go over to Joe's Place for a bite and he gives me the low-down.

"In the first place," says Dinky, "I got two swell offers for Benjamin to fight and each one has a guarantee such as I have hoped to see."

"Well," I ask, "what is wrong there?"

"Only," says Dink, "that he has to fight with somebody good, and when that happens our meal ticket will be finished."

"Don't he get any better?" I ask.

Dinky shakes his head.

"He is a college box-fighter, and he will always be one. He is in there every minute trying to knock somebody loose from their shoes, which is O.K. as long as I pick who is to be in the shoes. If he tries that game with somebody like Honeyball Johnson or K.O. Tonelli, they will get sore and smack his head off his shoulders."

"Besides," moans Dinky. "He does not understand what it is all about, and he says he will not stand for any more set-ups and arrangements; that we are not being honest with the public who pays out good coin to see a contest which is not on the level."

"Well," I say, "that is not so good."

"I tell him," says Dinky, "that every fighter is brought along this way, but he don't lissen. Between him, and the sports writers yelping, and the chance to grab off a big cut, I don't know what to do."

So I see publicity can work more ways than for the best.

"Moreover," says Dinky, "he is talking a great deal about Rose and what a fine girl she is. He sends her a postcard from every town we meet."

"Oh," I say, "is that so?" And I begin to think the sooner Benjamin gets a bout with Honeyball Johnson or somebody, the better I will be pleased.

Benjamin comes to town the next day. He parks at Dinky's and spends every evening telling Rose about Yale College. I mention that I am sick of hearing about Yale College and Rose flares up and tells me a few things.

"Why shouldn't he talk about it?" she says. "It must be wonderful there. Maybe if you had been brought up anywhere but on Eighth Avenue you would feel the same way. Besides," she says, "I have listened to you for five or six years telling about Havre de Grace and Belmont and how to pick the right horses."

"If I have to choose between college and horses," I say, "I will take horses any day."

"You would," Rose says.

This is the first time Rose and I have ever had words and I go out feeling very low indeed.

The next I know Benjamin is matched with Honeyball Johnson.

"I have been asking Dinky for a long time to get me a bout where it is all on the up-and-up," he tells me.

He is so earnest and pleased about it I feel like a louse, and I go away thinking he is a nice kid who does not belong in this racket, and hoping Honeyball will carry him along easy. But knowing something of Honeyball, this is not much of a hope.

Well, there does not seem to be a great deal to do, but wait for the night of the slaughter. I and Rose have not met since that last night, so I am surprised when she telephones and says she is wanting to see me bad. I go down that eve and put on a nice smile. When I see her, the smile does not last long. Her face is all white and her eyes are like something on fire, she is so mad.

"You are a low-down character," she says, "I would not be found dead in the Hudson Tunnel with you."

Illustrated by

John J. Floherty, Jr.



Honeyball is sore as he thinks maybe he is being kidded or something. He sets to work with a lot of jabs and hooks, none of which miss Benjamin

There is only one worse than you are, which is Dinky."

"Now Rose . . ." I begin.

"You know very well," she goes on, "that Benjamin is not in the class with this Honeyball. You are setting him up just to make some easy money. He will be knocked out probably and maybe hurt. It is up to you to stop this. If you don't, then I never want to see you again."

By now I am sore, and do not consider what I say.

"You are silly about this college boy," I remark. "You don't want anybody to know what a rotten fighter he is."

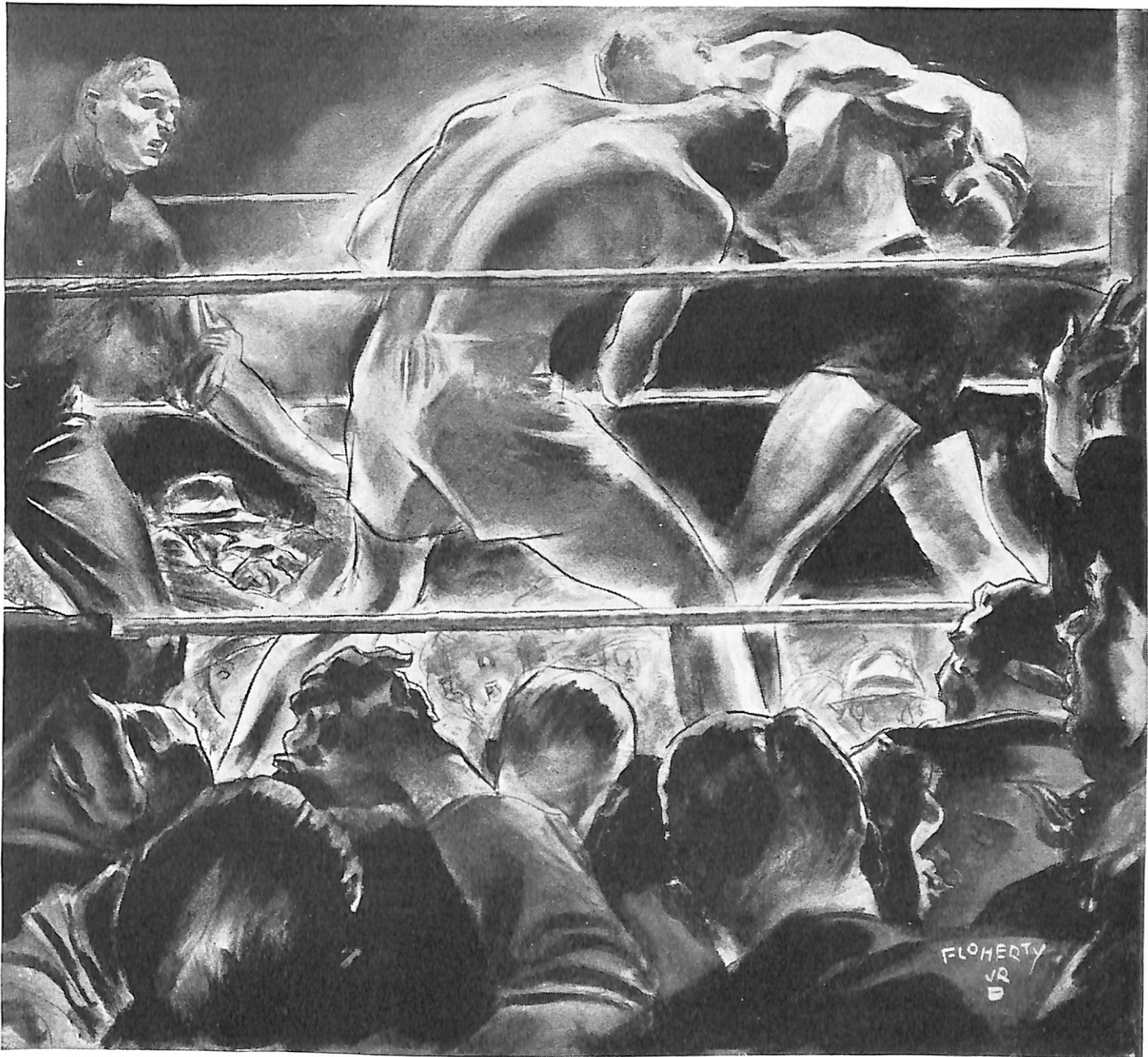
Her eyes are wide with amazement.

"Listen," she says, "whether I am silly or not about Benjamin is my business. But I tell you I would do the same thing for anybody I saw being sacrificed by you and Dinky."

Her voice rises high and suddenly tears are rolling down her cheeks.

"I have known you a long time, Sam," she says, "and I always thought you on the level. I have trusted you most next to Dinky. I cannot believe it. I am ashamed of you." And then she walks out of the room.

Well, I have never felt so mean since my mother caught me stealing, when I was hardly any size at all.



I take up my hat and go slow up the Avenue, looking here and there in various hang-outs for Dinky.

When I find him, I take him to one side and describe what has just happened. He shakes his head.

"Sam," he says, "I have never saw Rose carry on like she does. I think she is crazy about this college boy. For a week she does not speak to me, just looks, which is plenty. I am like a bad smell in my own house."

"We oughta call it off," I say.

"How can we?" Dinky asks. "There is a grand posted and I am not going to lose it. Maybe Honeyball is too good for Benjamin, but he cannot go on slapping down palookas forever."

"Well," I say, "if anything bad happens, Rose will walk out and that will be all."

"I don't see nothin' to do," says Dinky. "The Garden is near sold out. If we do not go on with this, we might as well depart for California or Omaha, and I am too old to live very far from Broadway."

So I walk around a bit, and then phone Rose and tell her what Dinky has said. After I have finished, she says,

"Then it is up to you," and leaves me standing at one end of a dead wire.

I am dizzy, there is no doubt about it. Never have

I stacked up against a proposition which is like this one. To think that I started it does not help me any.

It is near daylight when I decide there is only one way out of this jam. I go to the bank early. It is money I have put aside for nothing like this, and I look at that half a grand and do not know what to think.

Now this Honeyball has no college spirit and for that I am thankful. I get in touch with him in an out of the way place and we do a little business.

"I do not ask you to throw the fight," I say, "only do not hurt our boy and you will find the mate to this under your pillow some morning."

"Somebody is goofy," Honeyball says, "and it is not I."

Then I send a wire to Rose. It reads merely "Everything is all right," and go out thinking a guy has to do queer things these days to be thought on the level.

Comes the fight, as the sports writers say, and the Garden is a sell-out. We bring in Benjamin and he does not get such a good hand. It is funny about the characters that go to see box-fights. They do not like college boys or those who can read or write. So, most of them is there to see Benjamin get his squash knocked loose. Honeyball is cheered like the Prince of Wales or somebody. He (Continued on page 44)



BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY

By RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT

*Illustrated by
Amos Sewell*

IT was typical Ohio flood weather. Even in his cubby-hole in the office of the Wayneville *Herald*, Ken Price felt the air heavy with impending disaster. Though he could not see the sky he knew how it looked, seeming to press down upon the earth with a sullen threat.

"Blind man's holiday"—that's what his mother used to call this grey ending of a day, when it grew too dark to sew and she would fold up her work and sit for a few moments in the gloom before the lamp was lighted. As a little boy it had given him the same feeling he had now, a dull, haunting sense of melancholy. He tried to laugh at it. March always brought floods. But life moved on and the *Herald* went to press as usual.

He went into the noisy city room, holding the handle of his dog's harness in the fingers of his left hand. Lad wagged his tail friendly, but otherwise maintained an aloof attitude toward the blandishments of the copy desk. When the big shepherd dog was on duty he would not be tempted.

Ken's young face was very sober. He leaned toward the editor.

"I just talked to the chemist's office," he said. "Lichten's got a statement ready for us, to use with the analyst's report on the dam when it comes back from Columbus."

"Do we get it tonight?" demanded Jenkins from the rewrite desk.

"Maybe. Tomorrow morning at the latest."

Patterson, the cheerful young city editor, whistled.

"Big paper tomorrow if we're not all washed out to sea before then. Call the Chamber of Commerce, Ken, and see if you can pick up anything new. The town's panicky over the high water at Northtown."

"O. K., Lad," he commanded. "Forward."

The man and the dog started off, walking in perfect rhythm. Ken was a good looking chap, tall and broad shouldered. Only a close observer would have noticed his eyes were expressionless. The city editor watched them go, wondering if he would have the stuff in him to carry on if he were blind.

A telephone on his desk buzzed. Patterson listened for a moment and then shouted above the noise.

"Hi, Price. The boss wants us."

The pair turned.

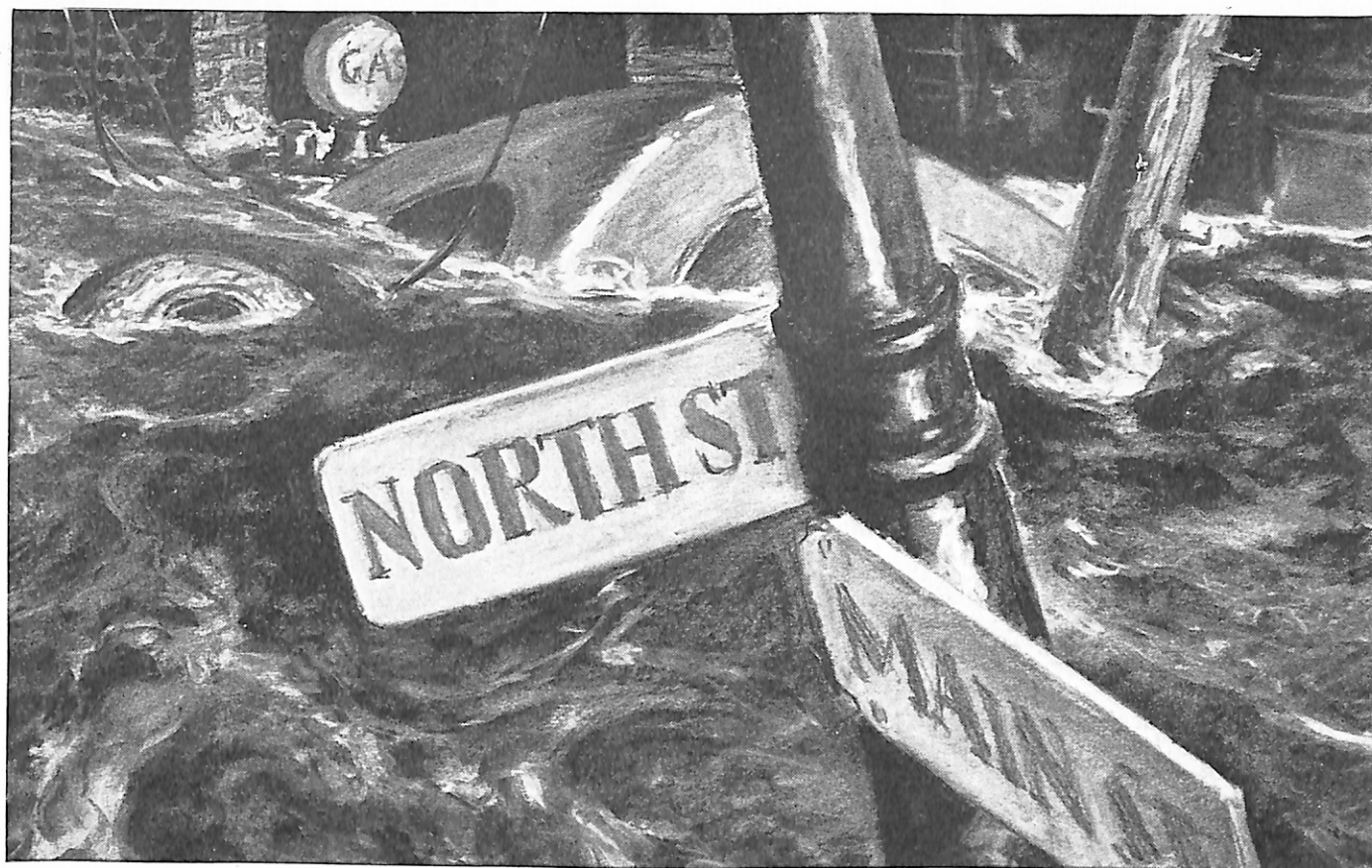
"Curtland Crosby's come in," Patterson reported.

"I suppose the Commissioner of Public Works has come to tell us where to get off," Jenkins said bitterly.

"We're all right." Ken's voice was quiet. "We've got our facts."

"All but the report. When that comes we'll have the biggest story this town has seen in years. 'City doomed by political corruption. Northtown dam graft imperils 25,000 lives'. What a scoop. Come along, Ken. Let's see what Crosby wants."

"Be with you in a minute," said Ken. "I want to make



a phone call." His tone made it sound important. He shut the door of the private booth and dialed expertly.

"Carol, listen, Honey. Your Dad's in the office."

The voice at the other end of the wire was cheerful. "What of it?"

"It's about my advance story on the dam this morning. I'm on my way in to talk to him. He'll probably roar."

"Well, roar right back at him. Only—don't be too hard on him, Ken. Dad's a lamb, and wouldn't know a crook if he saw one."

"But, Carol—I warned him about Chandler weeks ago. If he's ever given me credit for knowing a few things, even if I can't see. . . ."

"Please, Ken. . . ."

"All right. Carol. . . ."

"Yes?"

"The water at Northtown is still rising. Won't you take the car and go to Columbus, say, for a few days?"

"And miss all the excitement? I should say not."

"It might be more than excitement. It might be . . . Carol, you're not staying on my account, are you?"

"Perish the thought. Don't forget, we've got a dinner date. I'll be down by seven. 'Bye. Give Lad my love."

"'Bye . . . darling."

He put the receiver back on the hook.

"All right, Lad. I guess it's up to us to do a forward march."

They went into the front office.

Douglas Barnes, publisher of the *Wayneville Herald*, and Curtland Crosby, his life-long friend, had been roommates in college. Barnes had grown long and lean as he became a successful publisher. Pink and rotund, Curtland Crosby was a political

"Lad, forward," he called to the dog, and forward they battled their way until the tug of the current told him they were approaching North Street

power in the community and in the state. The *Wayneville Herald*, always an independent paper, had supported his various activities placidly enough until the dam business became a paramount issue.

The old dam at Northtown, just above Wayneville, had been replaced with a concrete structure a few years before. The work had been done by one Barney Chandler, an eastern contractor of rather spectacular proclivities. Chandler had only recently come to Ohio, but he had sold himself unqualifiedly to Crosby. No sooner was the work completed, however, than unpleasant stories began to circulate. There were rumors that Chandler had made an enormous profit on the whole transaction, and that the material was inferior and the appearance of a crack in one side of the dam added to the consternation.

It was Ken Price who brought the matter out into the open.

A couple of years before, Ken, the *Herald's* most promising reporter, had been engaged to Crosby's daughter, Carolyn. But that was before the day he skidded on an icy patch skiing down Hunter's Hill, and crashed into a tree, and woke up to find his sight gone forever. Carol's devotion had never wavered, but Crosby, torn between sympathy and a resolution that his daughter should not spend her life caring for a blind man, made his feelings clear to Ken. The boy's answer had been a positive one.

"You needn't worry, Mr. Crosby. I wouldn't think of marrying Carolyn until I can take care of her as well as though I had my sight."

He had tried very hard to be brave, but he suffered horribly from his



sense of being utterly dependent. Patterson made a place for him at the office, and Ken fumbled about with a cane, but he was too wretched to work. Finally, it was Carol who had the idea of a guide dog from The Seeing Eye. Ken scoffed at first, but in the end she had her way, and Ken went to the school in Morristown where blind men and dogs learn to work together. In a few weeks he was going about with Lad, his big shepherd dog, as though he had never lost his sight. He went back to his old job on the paper, and began to take an interest in local politics. And then he got the tip on the dam construction scandal.

It came straight from Lichten, the chemist who had worked for Chandler. The material which went into the dam hadn't met specifications at all and Lichten was ready to swear to it. Crosby had never checked on the completed work!

Ken had gone back to his paper wild with indignation. Crosby he thought guilty of gross negligence, but Chandler . . . Chandler. . . . The lives of thousands of people were at the mercy of that dam, and if the old chemist's story were true, Chandler had lessened their assurance of safety about fifty percent. Ken tried to talk to Mr. Crosby, but he indignantly dismissed the entire subject.

Ken had been born and brought up in flood country. He knew the ebb and flow of the annual excitement in regard to it. He also knew that in a year of heavy rainfall there was danger far beyond the habitual row-boat rescues from the shanties along the river bank, and the three day picnic of dirty "refugees" in the town hall. But he had to be sure of his facts. Weeks were spent checking Chandler's former record before the *Herald* finally went into the matter of publicly investigating Northtown dam.

Ken's story in that morning's paper had been the first intimation of the attack. And already here was Crosby in the *Herald* office, breathing threats of vengeance not only against the *Herald*, but against his old friend, Barnes.

When Ken entered the room he found the two older men already in the midst of hostilities with Patterson striving for the judicial calm of a referee.

"Sit down," Barnes said briefly. "Mr. Crosby is here to protest against our investigation of the Northtown dam."

"Investigation—poppy cock. It's libel—just plain libel. . . ."

"Tell him what we know about Chandler. . . ."

"Listen here, Doug," Crosby broke in. "I employed Chandler. I O.K.'d the specifications. You are attacking me—me—when you insinuate these things. . . ."

"We're not insinuating, Mr. Crosby," Ken interposed. "We're stating facts . . . facts that may save this community—if the dam holds through the present flood," he added ominously.

Crosby's color changed from deep mahogany to bright crimson.

"If it holds! Man, are you crazy? Did you see the specifications for that dam? That concrete was the very best. We paid a premium."

"There's nothing the matter with the dam on paper, Mr. Crosby," said Ken gently. "It was in the actual work that there was fraud. . . ."

"Who says there was?" Crosby roared. "Who says so? Who wrote that outrageous story this morning, anyway?"

"I did," said Ken.

The desk rocked beneath Mr. Crosby's emphatic fist.

"I knew it. I knew it. Why, you confounded young whippersnapper, to try a trick like this on me. You are out for revenge, I suppose, because I won't let you marry Carol. Well, let me tell you, no such false, ridiculous story. . . ."

"Be quiet, Curt," said Barnes.

"He wrote that story because he wanted to get even with me. . . ."

"He wrote that story because he's a darned good reporter. It's true."

"True? True? Doug, you mean to tell me you believe. . . ."

"I believe that you're a good man and a successful





politician, Curt. But you're better at kissing babies than kicking crooks. Chandler put something over on you, and we've got the proof that he did. We are having an analysis made in Columbus. When the word comes down, people aren't going to do much investigating about how you came to be tied up with a crook. They'll be out to get you both."

"But, Doug, I tell you. . . ."

"Don't bother. I believe you. But who else will?"

Crosby crumpled like a deflated balloon.

"It can't be true. Are you sure—why—I've betrayed a public trust . . . I'm ruined . . . I . . ."

"You've put thousands of people in danger," said Patterson. "There's no denying that."

"But—what can I do?"

The four men sat in silence for a few moments. Then Ken said,

"There's one possibility—it might work—if it did it would save your face. . . ."

"I don't want my face saved. . . ." began Crosby fiercely.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Barnes. "Let's have the idea, Ken."

"If Mr. Crosby went to Columbus at once—if he got the report for us—"

"I don't quite see . . ."

"He's made a mistake. The only restitution he can make is in running this thing to earth. Let him take the report—let him confront Chandler. . . ."

Patterson was on his feet, reaching for the phone.

"That's it—that's it—that's the solution, Mr. Crosby. Operator, get me Hughes' office number—I want to tell him Mr. Crosby's coming. Where is your car, Mr. Crosby?"

"In front of the office. But I don't quite understand."

"Never mind. You can understand later. It's time now to act. Here's Hughes' office number—I'll tell him to hold the report until you get there."

"But I can't very well . . ."

Suddenly Ken could stand it no longer. He got to his feet.

"Mr. Crosby, you've laughed at everything I've told you for the past few weeks. Now you know it's true. You've got one chance left to prove your sincerity. Even I can see that, blind as I am. For God's sake, get in your car and step on it."

Back in his own office, Ken shed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, wheeled his typewriter into position. Lad, relieved of his harness, curled up in a corner. A little later Patterson put his head in the door. "Crosby's gone to Columbus," he said. "Full of sound and fury, but he's gone."

The click of the typewriter keys was still resounding from the bare walls when there was a knock on the door and Carolyn Crosby came in.

She was a slender girl, blue eyed and blonde like her father, but there the resemblance ended. From her mother she had inherited an Irish wit and a strength of character which showed in the tilt of her head and her firm little mouth. She was looking particularly determined. She marched over to Ken's typewriter and kissed him deliberately, a favor which he returned with undisguised enthusiasm.

"Everyone's leaving town," she said scornfully. "'Fraidy cats."

"I wish you were."

"Dad sent word I was to go to Aunt Margaret's, but I'm not going."

"Carol, please—"

"Don't argue. I wouldn't go for worlds. I'm starving. Are you going to take me to dinner, or must I hunt out a new boy friend?"

"I'll be ready in a minute."

He gathered his copy into a neat little pile. Lad stirred in his corner and got up and as he did so, a gust of wind shook the windows. (Continued on page 40)

At three o'clock in the morning one of the men lifted a white-faced girl from a piece of wreckage and brought her to Carol



Mr. Latta

*Illustrated by
Marshall Davis*

IT is no news for Americans to bewail the Machine Age because it throws men out of work. It is news, however, when they moan about the development of a machine which throws men out of *play*. The first instance of such a situation appeared in the United States during the 1850's and its effects were far-reaching and significant. A contraption was invented at that time which not only completely wrecked a popular American divertimento but also had a measurable influence upon the business, political, social and moral life of virtually every important city in the nation.

Mr. Latta was primarily responsible.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Cincinnati, Ohio, knew Mr. A. B. Latta as a thrifty, solid citizen. He had no vices to be criticized. His virtues were many. He did have two peculiarities, though—in his odd hours he was constantly working on steam inventions and he made a point of always being the first man at every fire in the community. This latter habit was really not a peculiarity at all, since no man in the Volunteer Fire Department of Cincinnati considered himself much of a citizen if he wasn't willing to drop whatever he was doing when the firebells rang and dash off to the conflagration.

Still, Mr. Latta's extraordinary interest in fires became a matter for some speculation. It was further noted that when the Department had doused a blaze, and, as a body, repaired to the nearest tavern to celebrate the victory, Mr. Latta was not among those present. He had either sneaked off home to the workshop in his barn or had returned to John McGowan's mill where he was employed. The curious asked Mr. Latta's associates at McGowan's just what

A. B. did there during his off hours. The reply would always be the same, "He's tinkering with some fool steam contrivance and John's abetting him in it." Early in 1851 a fire broke out in McGowan's shop and, sure enough, Mr. Latta's invention was found to be the cause. He had built some crazy kind of steam boiler and the durned thing had exploded. Why John didn't turn him off then and there, nobody could figure. Then in the Spring of 1852 Cincinnati's citizens found out.

ABOUT four o'clock one afternoon in May an amazing machine towed by four gray horses rumbled down through the street from McGowan's shop to the principal fire station. It turned out to be a steam boiler mounted on a three-wheeled iron chassis and it was big enough to fill a fair-sized room. The boys gathered around goggle-eyed.

"This engine, boys," announced Mr. Latta, "is going to put your old hand-pump out of business. It'll pump more water, farther, and with greater regularity than any hand-tub in existence."

While the Cincinnati smoke-eaters shook their heads regretfully at Mr. Latta's madness, he went ahead, hooked up his intake hose to a nearby hydrant and fiddled with a couple of levers on the machine. John McGowan and two other assistants had meanwhile run a length of hose into the field across the way. Then to the unparalleled astonishment of all present, including perhaps Mr. Latta's,

a tremendous fountain of water burst from the nozzle held by McGowan and his men, and, true to Mr. Latta's prediction, the stream doubled the distance made by any hand-pumped fire engine ever heard of.

Thus the modern "steamer" was born and the first really efficient fire-fighting machine was practicalized. But this successful demonstration did not mean that Mr. Latta could instantly retire to a life of beer and skittles. The Volunteers of Cincinnati saw in the "boiler on wheels" a threat to one of their most cherished institutions, since only three or four men would now be required to run a device which, to gain anything like the same effect, had previously taken at least thirty-six men. And it wasn't that Latta's "steamer" would throw thirty-odd men out of work—quite the contrary—it would throw them out of *play*. They received no money for fire-fighting; the Volunteer Fire Department of Cincinnati and of every other city in the country, save Boston, fought fires for the sheer love of the business. That is, love and a few other perquisites. For up until the 1850's and continuing for possibly a decade thereafter the business of being a fireman was one of America's most whimsical, grown-up boy's games.

From colonial days up to the early part of the nineteenth century fire-fighting was done by bucket brigades composed of every able-bodied man in the community. In 1822 the first mechanical hand water pumper was built in Philadelphia and bought by



Went to Blazes

By Trentwell Mason White

the city of Providence. An automatic suction engine, it was manned by thirty-six stalwarts, eighteen on a side, who worked the pump handles called "brakes." It would lift water from a river or pond and discharge it at a burning building at a distance up to one thousand feet. The "boys" in Providence promptly named it "Hydraulion No. 1" and were so inordinately proud of it that a chance to belong to the Hydraulion Company was fought for by banker and boot-black alike. A long poem called "The Fire," later set to music, became the marching song of the Hydraulion boys and the concluding stanza of it is worth noting:

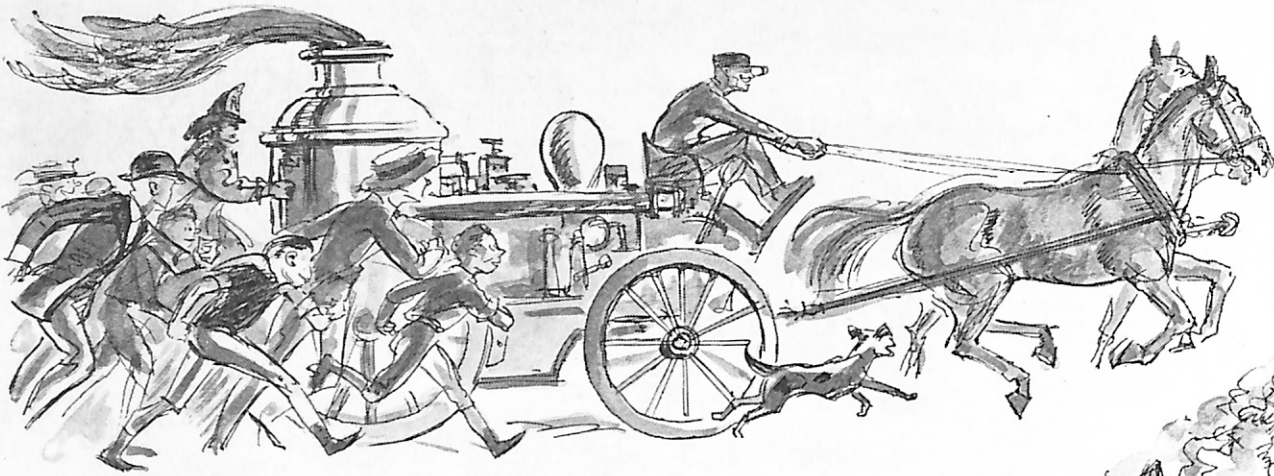
"Firemen of Providence let your banners highly sway.
Your record is A Number One this very day;
Let our citizens your record peruse
And on you they'll bet their old shoes."

It is obvious from this vigorous sentiment that the Providence lads really had something there. To have an exciting and communal toy which would work while they played, or perhaps vice versa, was dreadfully appealing to every red-blooded man in Providence and the word was not long in spreading to other communities. In half a decade every important city in the United States had a copy or adaptation of Providence's Hydraulion No. 1, and fire hazards became accordingly less. It was conceded at the same time that the ulti-

mate in invention had been reached when fun and fire-fighting could be so happily combined.

But this is where the whole trouble started. Out of the hand-pump engine of the early 1800's grew one of the most singular chapters in American history. In practically every large city where the Volunteer Fire Department could group itself around one or more of these machines there sprang up a business, political and social organization that has its parallel nowhere else on the globe. To begin with, the very opportunity to belong to the new mechanized fire department as against the old bucket brigades struck fire to the imaginations of the reckless young-bloods in all walks of life. Waiting lists for membership were sprouted everywhere. Bribery to get a place even on the waiting list of a popular company became quite the usual thing. In New York each candidate for admission to the Department was balloted upon as gravely as he would be in an exclusive club. Once elected to the force, which included generally the outstanding men in the community, the tyro fireman was put through





an initiation of no mild horse-play and after serving a limited apprenticeship was formally accepted by the fraternity. Thereafter he was exempt from militia duty and jury service for five years.

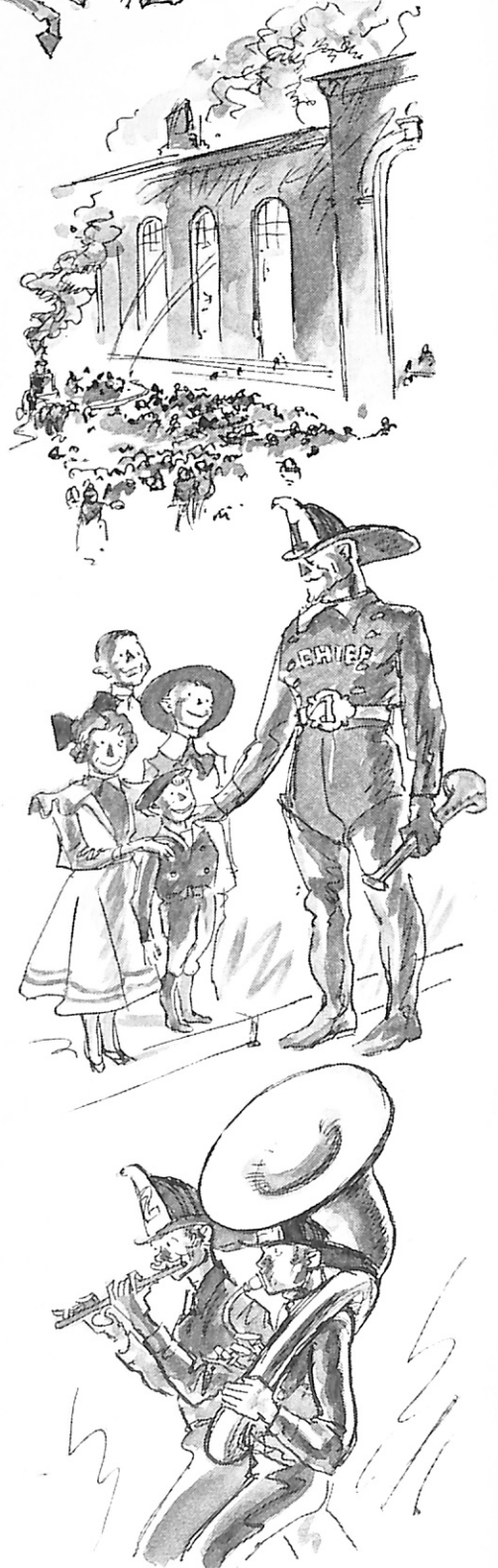
Naturally he received no pay any more than does the member of any social or fraternal group. His privileges were sufficient reward and the clubhouse itself was something to write to the relatives about. For instance, one of the central fire stations in New York City in 1850 had parlors reminiscent of the most luxurious hotels. Its highly polished floor was deep with velvet-pile carpeting, the walls were draped with crimson curtains and hangings. Crystal chandeliers had their illumination reflected in the silver jugs, tea services and other plate tastefully arranged on the sideboards. The bunk-rooms where some of the men slept were equally well furnished. And with these numerous advantages the Volunteer Fire Departments realized they had a vastly powerful instrument in their grasp.

FROM 1825 on for a score of years the fire department of New York and of other centers (except Boston where firefighting was organized as a paid occupation and life was less imaginative) became such a potent political unit that no candidate for public office could hope even faintly for election unless he was backed by one or another of the powerful metropolitan fire stations. As late as 1865 a pamphlet entitled "Why New York City Should Have a Paid Fire Department" inveighed against the evils of the system, "It cannot be said that the old race of high-toned, influential firemen, the Andersons, the Mills, the Engs, and others . . . have disappeared. We know that men who now aspire to the prominent offices, whose voices have most weight, are men who sought and use their position solely for the purpose of pecuniary or political profit." This political power had its reflection, of course, in business. Well-to-do merchants paid tribute to their local fire station either in coin or goods. If they failed to come through properly and their stores should catch on fire

it was strange how long the department took in coming. One could depend in such cases that the store would burn to the ground just a few moments before the smoke-eaters arrived. And it worked out similarly with the private home-owner who paid dearly for his protection, or else.

Rows with the police were frequent. At that time the gendarmerie of various cities were just learning to tug a page from the firemen's book and while they were apt students, their teachers did not always agree with them. When the fire-alarms sounded even the police took to their heels because bedlam broke loose and somebody, usually a policeman, would get hurt. The volunteer members of every fire company within hearing of the bells, together with vagabonds spewed out of grog-shops and blind alleys in the lowest quarters of the city, would join with "runners," half-grown boys and moppets, to accompany their favorite engine to the fire. As this fierce mob swept through the streets, screaming and bellowing, women and children would take refuge until the riot passed. Rival companies and their followers were always willing, however, to pause anywhere along the way to taunt and jeer at one another, hoping thus to provoke a fight. That the conflagration might consume half the city meanwhile was not to the point.

AN eye witness in 1847 reported, "The firemen race with each other through the streets yelling at the tops of their voices as if with the intention of frightening the horses, terrifying such of the helpless portion of the community who have not taken the warning and escaped, and making the air hideous till they come to the fire—when as a general thing they do nothing whatever about it but wait till it is over and then walk back again." It was also characteristic of these firemen, when they really got down to fighting a blaze, to feel superior to saving any of the property. That could be left to the owner or anybody else who chose so to demean himself. The fire-fighter was a noble animal whose job was simply to quench the flames. This naturally enough left everything



open to looters, and that is where the police tried to come in. Unfortunately, many of the firemen had a sense of humor, strained as it was, so that oft and anon they became collectors. While they were averse to helping a man move items out of a burning store to save him as little loss as possible, they were not against picking up a few trinkets here and there as mementos of the occasion. A news item during the period suggests this, "Pilfering has got to be so common that if articles are not very valuable it seems to be regarded more as a joke to take them. So that at a fire in a music store on Fulton Street, firemen were seen in all directions for blocks around blowing trumpets and playing on various instruments they had appropriated." The police took such an opportunity as this to administer a beating to the fire-laddies and pitched battles in this way often came about. Another news item says, "At a recent fire on Broadway, policemen stationed at the door of an adjoining building not on fire and not more likely to be than the pyramids of Egypt were obliged to draw their revolvers to prevent a forcible entrance from those acting as firemen who had seen something in the windows they wanted."

THE New York Legislature and that of other States tried to control this amazing creature which the fire department had come to be. It was accounted almost as grave a menace as the fire itself. Its political tentacles had become so entangled in every phase of metropolitan life, from sending as many as fifty voting "repeaters" from a single fire station to stuff the ballot boxes on elections, to demanding free liquor from every barroom and restaurant and baskets of fruit from the street peddlers, that aroused citizens met in vigilante groups to take action.

But there were milder, less pernicious features of the profession. Men who never in their lives believed that they could appreciate the esthetic side of civilization often went suddenly arty when they broke into membership of their local fire company. It was a practice, at the time, to dress up rather dull hand-engines and ac-

cessories provided each company by the city. The extremity to which this decorating went, now and then, was really something. Hand-painted panels were fastened to the sides of the hand-tubs and many a fireman apparently found his true milieu when he set his hand to picturing early nineteenth century women, and flowers, and what were probably plants. And sometimes the more pixie and uninhibited fireman-painter would unleash his personality on a startled water-fall, a random cow or two and throw in an assortment of fire-trumpets and hose nozzles just for the deviltry of the thing. A fire company that was doing well and was definitely in the money would silver-plate every available inch of metal to give the boys over at Station 9 a case of green jaundice because they could afford only brass on the brake-handles.

AND then there were the parades. The fire company that didn't find an excuse to get out and charge up and down the street in full uniform at least once a week just didn't make the grade socially. Almost any reason for a procession would be satisfactory and when several of the organizations combined to give the town a treat, it was talked of breathlessly for years thereafter. Each station had its own music which ranged from a fife and drum corps up. The bands had distinctive uniforms and would lead their respective groups in all manner of stirring strains. The musicians would be followed by the company stalwarts, six abreast, and these men had even more unusual uniforms. Each fireman wore long, dark pantaloons, a wide, black leather belt to strap in his thick, bright, red flannel shirt. He wore no coat or vest, but a vicious-looking leather fire-helmet surmounted his head and protected his shoulders well. To complete the outfit he wore heavy, black leather boots with a high gloss. Following this collection of laddies came the engine boys. They were caparisoned as were their brothers but in addition carried a rope in one hand and a torch in the other. The rope was hitched to the engine, thus providing its locomotion; the torch would be (Continued on page 49)



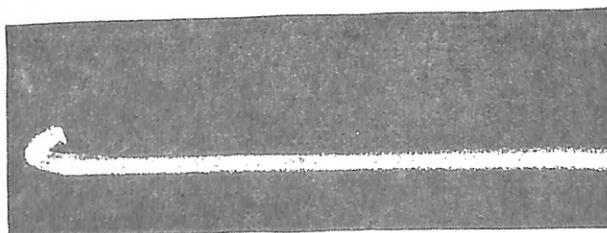
Right, starring in one of R.K.O. Radio's lesser offerings, are Constance Worth and George O'Brien, in "Windjammer." The story concerns itself with yachts and the humiliations inflicted on Mr. O'Brien by Miss Worth



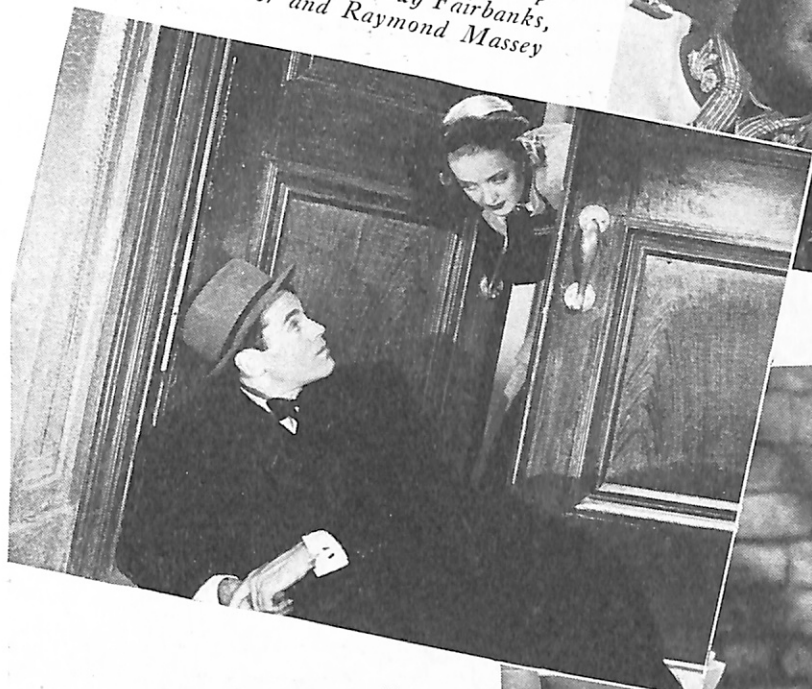
Above, Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor are again teamed in a sequel to the film which brought them both to stardom, and its attendant glories, "Broadway Melodies of 1937." The current edition, "Broadway Melodies of 1938," is a pleasant confection in which there are ingredients of horse racing, show business, music and romance. Miss Powell has a chance to dance magnificently with Buddy Ebsen, and everyone goes around looking perfectly lovely



Below is a shot from one of the most exciting and important pictures of the year, "They Won't Forget," bravely produced by Warner Brothers in the tradition of "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and "Black Legion." With a strong story and excellent acting on the part of a comparatively little known cast, "They Won't Forget" is not only dramatic entertainment, but also a social document of enormous significance. This cinematic version of a peculiarly horrible lynching which actually happened some years ago leaves its audiences exhausted with spent emotion, and slightly puzzled by the suspicion that they have been obliged to face a fact



Right: The extremely romantic Mr. Ronald Colman and the equally alluring Madeleine Carroll get the casting of their lives as Rudolph Rassendyll and Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda." This old saw ought to please everyone because it's got everything—Romance, beauty, excitement, tragedy and noblemen run riot among a whopping big cast, including Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Astor and Raymond Massey



Above are Bette Davis and Henry Fonda in a still which rather belies the general character and tone of the film, "That Certain Woman." It isn't altogether a cute motion picture, but it has cute moments. Mostly Miss Davis and Mr. Fonda just go along stumbling over superfluous bits of plot and generally working themselves out of incredible situations in which the Warner Brothers have embroiled them. The audience remains interested, but not very interested



So much has been written and so much said about "The Good Earth" that this Department could not, even with space, add much. We merely publish a still, of Paul Muni combing his son's hair, which will convey, as well as could a thousand words, the tender quality of a praiseworthy film which stars Luise Rainer, Mr. Muni, Walter Connolly and Tilly Losch

Show BUSINESS

BROADCAST

Left is Rudy Vallee, who was made by radio and who in turn has contributed much to make radio the big entertainment medium it is. Mr. Vallee's popularity rests, now, more on his abilities as an impresario and master of ceremonies than as a crooner, the vogue for which he started over ten years ago when he began moaning into the mike.

Ray Lee Jackson



Left is Maxine, who is heard on the "Hour of Charm" presented by the Red network on Mondays at 9:30 P. M.



Ray Lee Jackson

Below is Lanny Ross, a good looking young baritone, who, after years of allegiance to one sponsor, has finally changed programs. He will be heard on the Packard Hour, 9:30 on Tuesdays, over WEA. Mr. Ross hopped straight from the Yale University Glee Club to the microphone, where he belongs.

Below are the "Easy Aces," Marge, Goodwin and Jane, who have been playing rather distressing games of bridge in front of the microphone for yabs and yabs to the accompaniment of some very snappy dialogue. Mr. Ace is indeed patience and forbearance itself. He has to be.

Ray Lee Jackson



Maillard Kessler



Above is a typical little incident in the lives of those charming people who creep furtively through the broadcasts of the "Witch's Tale," (WOR, Thursdays at 10 P. M.) "Old Nancy," the witch, is the lady whose merry little chuckle opens and closes a program of gruesome horror tales guaranteed to turn little children's hair grey and send them (and you) screaming off to bed, to sleep, perchance to dream.

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

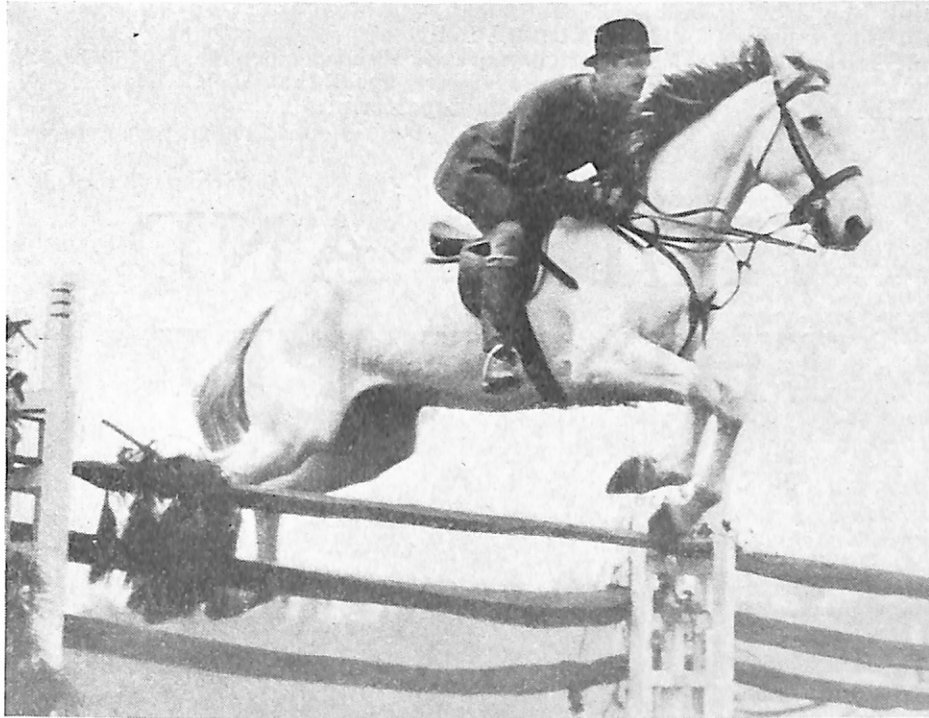


Photo by George H. Phillips

Eric Knight, author of *Song On Your Bugles* which Harper & Brothers published on August 11, photographed on his horse, "Flying Cloud."

Novels of the Hour

SYLVIA THOMPSON became widely known ten years ago with "The Hounds of Spring"; her new book, "Recapture the Moon," is her most ambitious novel since that fine achievement. Miss Thompson portrays smart people—in this instance an English girl, Bianca Selwyn, who loses her husband and her hope in the war and has to readjust herself to life, and Louis Scheurer, a French aviator and poet who plays around with literary movements. What these people talk about isn't so highly important, but that Miss Thompson knows them as intimately as Edith Wharton knew her New York of twenty years ago is indisputable. She even makes you sympathize with them, which is a feat, since most of them seem fairly useless citizens. (Little, Brown & Co.)

John Erskine has a new one, "The Brief Hour of Francois Villon." You recall what he did for (and to) Helen of Troy, Eve, Penelope and other historic characters. Villon, madcap poet of fifteenth century France, writing poems, cheating the hangman, inspires Mr. Erskine to elaborate his

career in his own sprightly way, adding new translations of some of the famous poems and describing Villon in love and mad adventure. (Bobbs Merrill Co.)

"Background to Danger" by Eric Ambler is a swift-moving tale of commercial intrigue in eastern Europe with a background of war maneuvers—German and Soviet agents playing for military secrets. A London banker, seeking concessions in Roumanian oil, gets into it too—on the E. Phillips Oppenheim order. (Knopf)

JUST how wicked the wicked uncle of Victoria of England was has often been discussed, but Vaughan Wilkins, in a novel called "And So—Victoria," certainly paints the Duke of Cumberland with a black brush. This book, packed with all kinds of intrigue in court circles in the two decades preceding Victoria's accession to the throne in 1837, centers around an illegitimate hero named Christopher Harnish, whose relationship to the royal family is not clear at first. Christopher has as many adventures as Anthony Adverse; like him he loves, travels, fights and gets

the best of his enemies. There are some amazing males and females in the book, including a vicious old lady who is out for revenge. (Macmillan)

"Song on Your Bugles" by Eric Knight hits a serious note. This is a novel about conditions in Yorkshire textile mill towns of England. The hero is an idealistic young man who wants to do something constructive for the mill people; he hates the poverty and muck. His flair is for painting and he "rises above the mill" for a time, then goes back to it, discovering that he can't control the men or lead them for their own good. Told with vivid detail and scraps of Yorkshire dialect. The author is a Yorkshireman now raising alfalfa in California. (Harper & Bros.)

A PESKY old Granddad who is going to say what he pleases even if it insults people; an admiring grandson named Pud who makes a chum out of "Gramp"; a nagging grandmother who simply can't make Granddad behave and act like a gentleman . . . there's the beginning of a cast of characters that is bound to bring laughter into camp and shame the devil. They appear in "On Borrowed Time," by Lawrence Edward Watkin, a jolly fantastic story in which Gramp gets the best of Old Man Death, in fact he trees him. It's the sensation of the town of Chatfield for weeks.

Watkin is a 36-year-old professor of English literature at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Va. He likes old legends and he caught the idea of this one from another professor in his college days. So he developed it with a lot of salty humor and it makes good reading, for light, fantastic tales don't seem to be written by many authors these days. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

Another amusing tale has to do with a lad who goes to sea—"Anointed" by Clyde Brion Davis, a Buffalo, N. Y., newspaperman. The lad is young Patterson, who ships on a leaky tub at New Orleans and knocks about in Caribbean ports, pals up with an Englishman called Limo, gets into a ruckus with the Mexicans and is rescued by the American marines at Vera Cruz. After that he goes to sea again and his various mishaps and rescues affect him philosophically; he begins to think that he is not on earth to be wiped out like a June moth, and his guess

(Continued on page 56)

MR. SCHLEMMEL hung up his hat and coat. He rolled up his shirt sleeves and washed his hands. Then he brushed the half circle of sandy hair that clung like sunburned moss to the back of his otherwise shining head. He strolled into the kitchen where Mrs. Schlemmel was standing over the stove, and planted a kiss on the back of her plump, moist neck as he had done every weekday for twenty years.

Mrs. Schlemmel didn't look up. But she smiled into the frying pan.

Mr. Schlemmel sat down at the table. "That smells good, moma. How long till supper?"

"Right away you will get it," she said.

He yawned, stretched. "Cheez, what a day! Crowds! You never seen nothing like it. You'd think they'd of went to Coney today—but no, not them. They must a been five hundred people watching me and Violet. She gets cuter every day, that Violet. You know what she does, moma?" He raised his voice above the sudden clatter moma was making. "Her tongue she sticks out at me. Like this, see. She curls it up. . . ."

"Violet! Violet! If another word I hear about Violet I'll scream! Two years now I listen to nothing but Violet this and Violet that! You Violet me again, Hans Schlemmel, and I'll. . . ." Mrs. Schlemmel gulped and slammed the platter on the table so hard that the gravy slopped over the edge. She stood over her husband with raging eyes and quivering lips.

Mr. Schlemmel's stringy, small self shrank. His mild blue eyes were shocked and at the same time grieved. "Why, moma," he said, "I thought you liked Violet as much as me. She's—why—she's our bread and butter like. . . ."

"Bread and butter! That mud hog! You listen to me. . . ."

"You listen to me, Anna. Violet's an asset, see. She's a big drawing card, see. She's clean as anybody. Violet, she's damn nice, see."

"Oh, yeah! Violet's an asset! Violet's a big drawing card! Oh, yeah? Well, let me tell you, Hans Schlemmel, I'm sick and tired of Violet a long time already. It's got so I dunno but you're gonna come walking into my kitchen with her. I'm through, see. Either you're gonna shut up about her, or else you're gonna look for another job. Or else if you think more of your dirty old Violet than you do of your own wife, why—why—I'll just get out." Mrs. Schlemmel's plump cheeks quivered like cherry jelly, and two big tears streaked through the shimmering dew of perspiration on her face. She wiped the tears away. "Dirty old mud hog!"

"Moma, you ain't fair." Mr. Schlemmel reached for his wife's hand, but she jerked it away. "She ain't a dirty old mud hog."

"She is."

"She ain't. A hippopotamus is more like a horse, see. Hippo, that's a Greek word means horse."

"An A-rab horse she will be, like in the pome, next! Fighting with your own wife about her. Think more of a dirty old mud hog than your own wife."

"Now, moma, I. . . ." Mr. Schlemmel choked.

"I told you. You look for another job, or else."

"Now, moma, be reasonable. Where'm I gonna get another job? You tell me, huh? The last six years we been thankful I'm workin' steady."

"All right. All right. We can go buy a farm, already, like we always planned. Prices is way low now. Chickens and a garden and all like that we can have. We could pay a thousand down and have plenty left over."

"We have to have five thousand. With less it ain't safe."

"Five thousand! Twenty years already we work and save, and all we got is thirty-one hundred and sixty dollars and some cents. Time we get five thousand we'll be too old to get any good of a farm."

"It ain't safe, I tell you."

"Well, I tell you this, Hans Schlemmel. Not one day more am I gonna listen about that Violet. You get a transfer to another department."

VIOLET AND THE KEEPER



By Peggy von der Goltz

Illustrated by
Floyd Davis

"I can't. Violet don't like nobody but me. We're an attraction. Why, we're like famous. I was gonna surprise you, but . . . Here!" Mr. Schlemmel reached into his hip pocket and brought out a newspaper clipping, creased and folded and dog-eared though it was that day's paper.

"Lookit!" he said bitterly. "My pitcher I got in the paper. But a lot you care."

Mrs. Schlemmel held the paper out at arm's length and read,

"ZOO HIPPO LOVES KEEPER FOR HIMSELF ALONE

"Violet, the two-ton hippopotamus at the zoo, is perhaps the last of the great romanticists. With her small, porcine eyes rolling, and her monstrous pink tongue, as big as a hash house platter and four times as thick, lolling, or curving lovingly over her upper lip, Violet watches every move made by Hans Schlemmel, who for



Schlemmel was standing inside the pen, pitching raw potatoes into Violet's mouth

more than twenty years has been a keeper at the Municipal Zoological Park.

"Even after she has finished her light afternoon snack of three loaves of sliced bread and fifty pounds of hay, washed down by a hoghead of water, Violet watches Mr. Schlemmel. Indeed, she yearns after him. Resting her head against the bars of her cage she scans the path pensively. At sight of Mr. Schlemmel she snorts affectionately.

"Mr. Schlemmel, a smallish, wispy man, smiled proudly when asked about Violet. 'She is the smartest animal in the Park,' he declared. 'No other keeper can safely enter her cage. Violet is what you might call a one man hippo.'"

Mrs. Schlemmel forced herself to look at the photograph of Schlemmel, looking very mild and stringy in his baggy uniform, pitching slices of bread into Violet's gaping maw. She stared and stared at the picture. Then she folded the paper and shoved it inside her dress.

"And this," she said slowly, "this . . . joke, it makes you like famous, does it? It's a joke you are, Hans Schlemmel! Violet's a rom—roman— Violet's stuck on you already, huh?" Her voice soared to anguished heights. "To have your picture with this Violet you won't buy the farm. Twenty years you wanted the farm. You won't look for another job. You won't get transferred! Your own wife, she can stand over the hot stove and stew. Oh, yeah. She don't matter."

Choking, she turned away. She set the potatoes on the table, shoved a hot plate in front of him. "Well, you said you was hungry; eat your supper before it's cold."

"I ain't hungry." He sat and stared at the table.

"Lookit, moma," he said at last. "If you'd just come to see Violet I bet you'd laugh, too."

"Laugh! You bet you I'd laugh. To see you making such a fool of yourself I'd laugh all day."

Mr. Schlemmel stood up, and a mantle of dignity fell about his shoulders. "Lots of patience I got," he said. "Patience enough to handle the wildest animals, I got. But for a woman like you, patience, it ain't no good."

He put on his coat and hat and went out.

Mrs. Schlemmel watched him go. She walked slowly into the parlor and sat down in the rocking chair by the window. She folded her hands and rocked slowly. Now and then a tear rolled down her cheek and dripped onto her dress.

Dark came, and still she sat and rocked and tried to think.

At last she got up and went out to the kitchen. She put the cold, grease caked food in the ice box. She washed the pots and pans. She wrung out the dish rag, and reached up to turn out the light. Then she said aloud, "Well, after all, I gotta save my strength."

She opened the ice box and took out a cold pork chop and a dish of stewed prunes. She cut two slices of bread, and sat down at the table and ate slowly, not really tasting the food—just saving her strength.

She was in bed when Schlemmel came home. Her plump, large body was stretched straight out, her hands folded neatly across her bosom.

Schlemmel undressed cautiously and got into bed. He leaned over and listened to her steady breathing.

"Anna," he whispered. "Anna, are you asleep?"

He smelt of beer. She didn't answer.

The next morning she sat stolid, silent, while he ate his breakfast.

"Ain't you eating nothing, moma?"

"Don't you worry about me," she said coldly. "You go feed your sweet Violet."

"When you get hungry," he said, "you'll eat. A woman your size . . ."

"Never mind my size," she snapped. "Two tons I ain't yet."

As soon as Schlemmel was out of the house she hustled around, washed elaborately and carefully, put on her new printed silk dress and the big flower wreathed hat that had been new last summer. She rummaged hopelessly for a pair of gloves, but they were all heavy ones. All right, who was going to wear gloves on a hot day

like this? As a final gesture of elegance she took her umbrella.

The subway ride was long and hot. And so was the walk across to the Park. Also her feet hurt. But she admired the grand houses, and smiled at the superior children who flounced along beside superlative nurses and didn't return her smile at all. But she smiled just the same. She had to keep smiling. She *had* to keep smiling. Once the smile faded and she said aloud, "For a hippopotamus he should drive out of her own home his wife." But a traffic policeman turned to stare at her, so she forced the smile back.

She was still smiling when she entered the Administrative building. "The Director of the Zoo, I want to see," she said.

"I'm sorry, he isn't in. Can I help you, madam?"

Mrs. Schlemmel looked hard at the efficient young lady. "No," she said. "I will wait for him." She sat down.

"I'm afraid the Director won't be in today."

But Mrs. Schlemmel started up as a voice came from the room beyond. "I'll be a son of a crocodile if I do!" the voice roared. Schlemmel, she remembered, said the Director always said that.

"That's him!" cried Mrs. Schlemmel. "And I'm going in there."

"I'm sorry, you . . ."

"You stay sorry already." Mrs. Schlemmel pushed past the girl and strode into the big sunny office.

"I want you should transfer Schlemmel," she announced, and sat down.

The Director put down the telephone, and stared at her. "What? How did you get in here?"

"On my feet I got in. I want you should transfer Schlemmel."

"And who is Schlemmel?"

"My husband already. He—I want you should put him in the bird house. Or else with the snakes. This Violet I won't stand for no more. A fool he makes of himself. A joke already. Her tongue she sticks out at him! Last of the great romanticks! Dirty, lollygaggin' old mud hog, that's what she is!"

The Director's face was crimson, but not with anger. "Would you mind telling me," he asked, "just who Schlemmel and Violet are?"

"Ach, I tolt you already. Schlemmel, he's my husband. Und dot Violet!" Inarticulate and gasping, she clawed in her bag and handed over the tattered clipping. "That's them!"

The Director glanced at the clipping, and threw back his head and roared. "Well, I'll be a son of a crocodile!"

"With the crocodiles you should put Schlemmel."

"But Mrs. Schlemmel, I'm afraid you don't understand. This is excellent publicity. Thousands of people come to the Park just to see Schlemmel and Violet . . ."

"They come to see how a man makes of himself a fool. Is it valuable, huh? For two years I don't hear nothing but Violet. I tell you you gotta give him a transfer, or else fire him already. I ain't standing for Violet no more."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Schlemmel. You and your husband must adjust your difficulties in some other way."

"I tell you you gotta."

"I should think you'd be proud of your famous husband, Mrs. Schlemmel. But in any case he will not be transferred." The Director stood up and moved toward the door.

Mrs. Schlemmel rose slowly. "What I will do I don't know," she said. "But something I will do."

"Good morning, Mrs. Schlemmel."

She stamped down the stairs, and the anguish in her heart submerged even the stabbing pain in her feet.

She paused and looked across at the pool where a man in the gray uniform of a keeper was pitching fish to the diving, swirling, barking, leaping sea lions. That would be Kelly. Schlemmel was always kicking about Kelly. Kelly, he said, was always trying to crib his act. Kelly was showing off right now. She watched him resentfully. He was waving his arms and throwing the fish wide to make the sea lions race for them, encouraging the animals to bark and leap. A cluster



of interested spectators tittered admiringly.

But a trill of laughter came from the pens to the right, and, a few at a time, Kelly's audience drifted away. Mrs. Schlemmel watched them go; and a wave of curiosity, repulsive but unconquerable, swept over her. She knew what she would see, but she had to see it.

Cringing inside, trembling a little, she followed the crowd, peered over shoulders into the hippopotamus yard.

Schlemmel was standing inside the pen, pitching raw potatoes into Violet's mouth.

Mrs. Schlemmel gasped. Violet's mouth must stretch nearly three feet from lip to lip. And the creature was grinning, positively smirking. Schlemmel was standing with his feet wide apart, his cap cocked over one eye. He seemed immensely pleased with himself.

Mrs. Schlemmel studied Violet with fascinated loathing; she was the color of stewed prunes and the shape of a hog's head.



The Director's face was crimson, but not with anger. "Would you mind telling me," he asked, "just who Violet and Schlemmel are?"

as though it were a war club as she turned away. She limped slowly out of the Park, feeling the ache in her feet, and a great bitterness in her heart.

She trudged through streets that were very hot now, and whose elegance no longer mattered. She searched the telephone directory in a drug store. Then she took the subway downtown.

"I want to see Mr. Joseph Benelli."

"Sorry, madam, he's been dead for twenty years."

"Then why you should put his name on the door I don't know. But I will see the boss already. A lot of money I must spend."

"I am Frank Benelli, madam, the president of the firm. Can I help you?"

"Well," Mrs. Schlemmel gulped, "I want you should tell me the cheapest you will sell a he hippo."

"A what?"

"You heard me already—a he hippopotamus."

"Why, they are very expensive, madam." He took in Mrs. Schlemmel's Flatbush Avenue dress and Fourteenth Street hat. "Would you mind telling me for whom you are buying a hippo?"

"For myself already. For Schlemmel. . . . What's it to you? I ask the price."

"We have a very fine young male at our Westchester farm for three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand! Ach, Gott, leave me set down. Haven't you got one not so fine?"

"A hippo is a very rare and expensive animal. This one weighs nearly six thousand pounds. Think of the cost of importation, madam. Coming all the way from Africa . . ."

"It don't hafta be one that's imported."

"They are all imported. We have, I believe, the only male hippo for sale in the United States. The price is three thousand dollars."

Mrs. Schlemmel fiddled with her umbrella and her thoughts fluttered like trapped birds. "A many a time I said I'd give my life for my Hansl, and when it comes to the push I should stop at the farm," she muttered.

She looked up at last. "You will not charge me extra to take him where he is to go?"

"Where is that?"

"To the Park Zoo only."

"Oh, no. We will deliver him there. But have you permission from the Park to present them with a hippo?"

"You mean I should ask them do they want a three thousand dollar present?"

"Of course, madam. You must have permission from the Director."

"Why, I—I will be a son of a crocodile if I do! You ask."

"I'll be glad to. Who shall I say is donating the hippo?"

"Who? You want I should (Continued on page 48)

"Look!" a woman cried. "Her lips are orchid colored."

"Violet, lady," Schlemmel said. "That's where she got her name. And her toes is pink. Show the lady your toes, Violet."

With a ludicrous, shuffling motion Violet waddled over to the keeper, and, resting her head coyly against his chest, lifted one monstrous foot an inch or so.

The crowd shrieked.

Schlemmel's chest swelled. He laid one arm across Violet's shoulder and smirked.

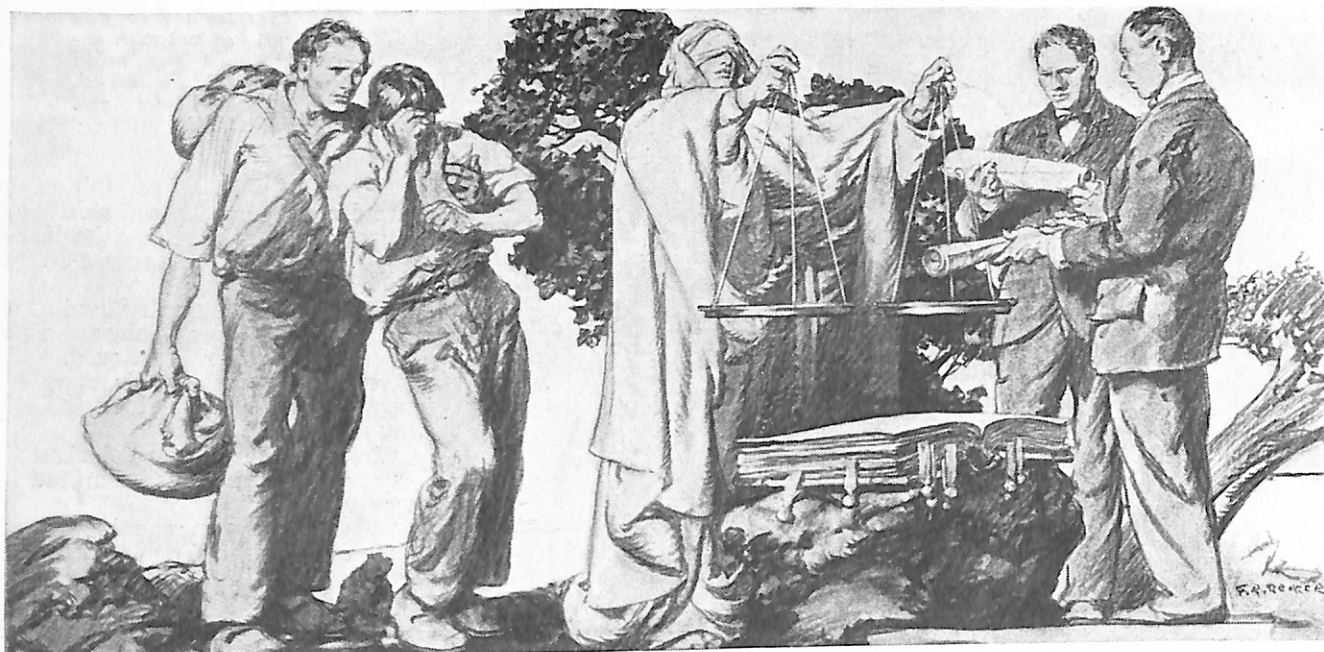
Mrs. Schlemmel crouched as Schlemmel surveyed his public. But Schlemmel's eyes were glazed with pride.

"Isn't she lonesome without a hippopotamus husband?" a little girl asked.

"No, indeedy," Schlemmel answered. "She's got a fine time just with me."

The crowd laughed again.

Mrs. Schlemmel bit her lip and grasped her umbrella



IMPORTANT WORK AHEAD

AMONG the important duties prescribed by Grand Lodge statutes for District Deputies is that of examining all books and records of each Lodge, including the books and records of any club established and maintained by the Lodge.

Because Deputies sometimes fail fully to discharge this duty, more than one Lodge has gone on the rocks, financially and otherwise, which probably would have been avoided had the Deputy fully realized the importance of this duty and conscientiously discharged it.

It is known that in some instances the Secretary of a Lodge has made out the report for the District Deputy who merely accepts it as being correct, signs it and forwards it to the Grand Exalted Ruler. This is a flagrant violation of Grand Lodge law and disqualifies the Deputy to hold the office, for in so doing he is not only faithless to the trust reposed in him but has disregarded his oath of office. Such a report is not that of the District Deputy but of the Secretary and, if this sort of a report was contemplated, the law would have made it the duty of the Secretary and not of the District Deputy to prepare and submit it.

Any District Deputy who thus lightly regards his duties with reference to the report which he is to make on visiting subordinate Lodges should at once resign, failing in which the Grand Exalted Ruler should remove him and appoint a successor willing to do the work expected of him.

We speak thus emphatically on the matter not only by reason of its importance to the Grand Lodge but by reason

of its even greater importance to subordinate Lodges.

An examination of the books and records means such an examination as will enable the District Deputy to make a complete report as to the assets and liabilities of the Lodge and of the club, the insurance carried, and any other safeguards to the property, also as to whether the records are properly kept to reflect the true state of affairs. This means real work and close study, which cannot be done in an evening given over to handshaking and social activities. It should be done during the day preceding the Lodge meeting.

EUGENE FIELD



David was known as the sweet singer of Israel, so, we think, Eugene Field is entitled to be known as the Sweet Singer of Lullabies.

He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 2nd of this month (September), 1850. Eugene's parents died when he was a mere lad and he was sent to live with relatives in the east, but later retraced his steps to Missouri. By education and environment he took on the characteristics of both the east and the west.

The bent of his mind led him into journalism. He worked on newspapers in the west and later in Chicago, where he labored in the field of letters until his death in 1895.

His mind was a peculiar admixture of the genuine and the fantastic. While mentally active, it is said of him that he was physically lazy and moved about with the least possible expenditure of energy.

It may be that Field wrote many poems which, when critically judged, are better than Little Boy Blue, but if so we are unable to recall them. Certainly he wrote none more tender or closer to the heartstrings. In a very different vein are his lines on the Peach of Emerald Hue, to the Clink of the Ice, and his narration of the trundle-bed excursion of Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The original of Little Boy Blue was in 1917 purchased at a handsome price by John McCormack, who sang it into a record, adding the rich melody of his voice to the sentiment of the poem. The record was sold for the benefit of the Allies in the World War.

EDITORIAL



OUR CONSTITUTION'S BIRTHDAY

IN the 17th of this month (September), one hundred and fifty years ago, the Constitution of the United States was signed in the City of Philadelphia by George Washington, a deputy from Virginia, and by deputies from the other eleven original states, Rhode Island being the only state not thus represented. It was then submitted to the people and on its ratification became effective in March, 1789.

It did not spring suddenly into existence, but was the result of many long, and at times stormy, not to say acrimonious, sessions of the accredited deputies, over which assembly Washington presided with characteristic fairness, tolerance, and diplomacy. Benjamin Franklin, a deputy from Pennsylvania, although well advanced in years, actively participated and lent his wise counsel, but for which it is doubtful if the Constitution would have been signed and subsequently ratified.

Many divergent views were expressed and on more than one occasion debate became so acrimonious as to threaten dissolution of the convention with nothing accomplished. Randolph, of Virginia, who submitted the first draft known as the "Virginia Plan," refused to sign and in forceful language stated his reasons therefor. He adhered to them, notwithstanding the pleadings of Franklin that he waive his objections and look to the future to cure the defects of which he complained. Franklin stated that he was willing to accept the final draft "with all its imperfections if such there be" as being a long stride toward a fundamental law on which a great nation could be founded and perfected. All of the major objections stated by Randolph were subsequently met and satisfactorily solved by the adoption of the first ten amendments, known as the Bill of Rights.

When submitted to the states for ratification, there followed a burst of oratory, both for and against, which has never been equalled in this or any other country.

The original draft of the Constitution, signed in Philadelphia in 1789, when supplemented by the Bill of Rights, gave the United States a fundamental law which has been, and still is, the charter of our liberties and the admiration

and the hope of the entire civilized world.

It is fitting that we should celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its signing and be stimulated to study its provisions and re-read the history of its formulation, that we may be strengthened and fortified to guard and defend it against spoliation by the un-American influences now at work to overthrow it and along with it our highly prized personal, religious, and political freedom.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP

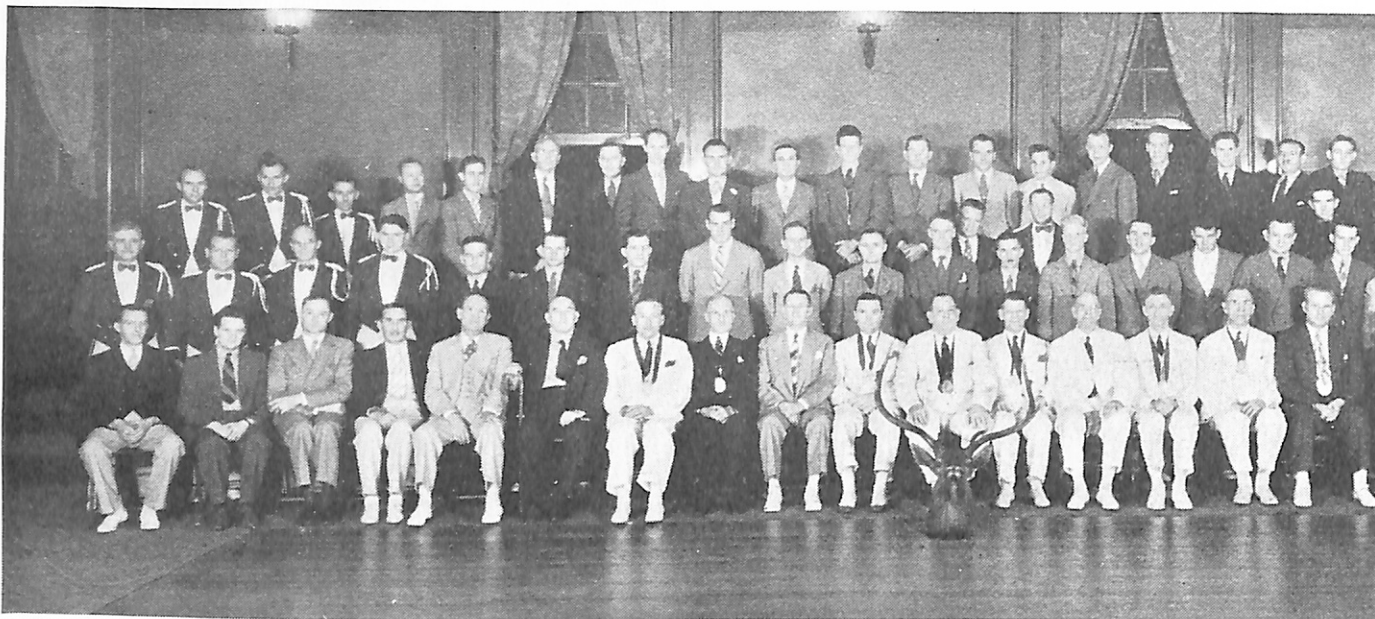
GENERALLY laws are enacted to meet some situation which has arisen indicative of the necessity, or at least the advisability, of legislative regulation or control. This is true of Grand Lodge legislation as well as of legislation enacted by the Congress and the legislatures of the several states. Hence in reading a statute enacted by the Grand Lodge, it is well to consider it from this standpoint.

While the foregoing observation is of general application, we are making it at this time with special reference to the Grand Lodge Statute governing the election of Honorary Life Members in subordinate Lodges. The law provides that this distinction can be bestowed on a member only for meritorious services rendered to the Lodge or to the Order which must be set forth in detail in a written nomination, that such nomination shall be made at a regular session of the Lodge and *shall lie over for action until the next regular session when a vote shall be taken by secret ballot.*

This law enacted out of controlling considerations is ignored by many Lodges and sometimes to their embarrassment and humiliation, for the violation or careless disregard of a law usually brings its own punishment, coupled with the realization that while the statute was taken as of no special importance, it in fact is of great importance and was enacted for the general good of the Order and for the special protection of subordinate Lodges.

It is easy to comply with this statute and a study of its provisions will disclose that the law is wise and salutary. Besides, it is the law of the Order, is binding on subordinate Lodges and should be strictly complied with.

UNDER THE ANTLERS



The officers and Drill Team of Columbus, O., Lodge with a class of candidates which was made up, in the main, of State employees

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Nutley, N. J., Lodge Gives Testimonial Dinner for D.D. T. V. Reagen

P.E.R. Thomas V. Reagen, D.D. for N. J., Northwest, was given a testimonial dinner recently by his Lodge, Nutley No. 1290, attended by some 200 Elks of the District. P.E.R. Oscar Zingler was in charge of arrangements, and many prominent Elks were present to honor Mr. Reagen whose successful term was drawing to a close. Among them were Past State Pres. Arthur Schefler, Hoboken, P.D.D. George A. Guenther, Newark, and Past State Vice-Pres. Frank W. Lord, Newton.

Livingston, Mont., Lodge Suffers Loss in Death of J. C. Vilas

Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, sustained a grave loss in the death of one of its most loyal members, Treas. J. C. Vilas, who died on May 24. Mr. Vilas, first on the 1892 roster of Charter Members of the Lodge, was the last of this group to have his name transferred to the roll of absent Brothers.

For more than 40 consecutive years he served as Treasurer of the Lodge he helped organize. He was active in his community, and was President of the National Bank of Livingston and Chairman of its Board.

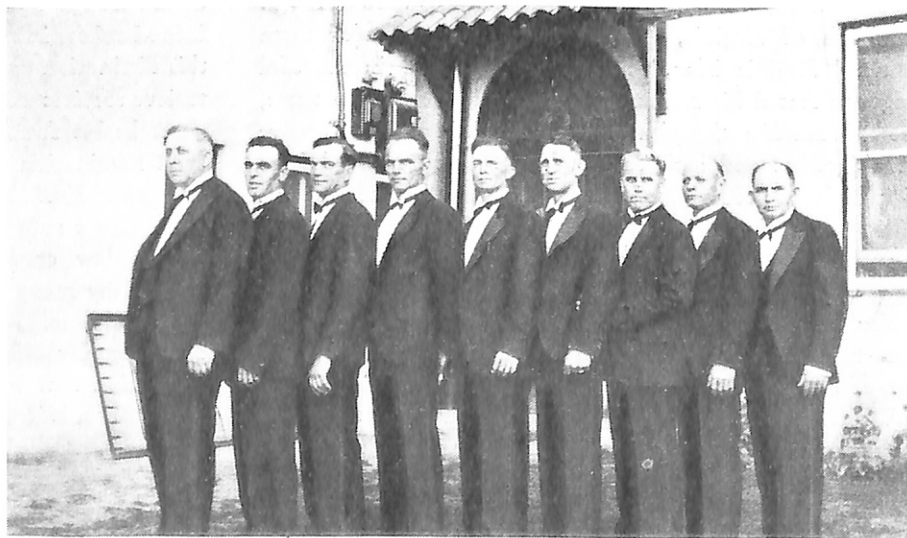
The origin of Livingston Lodge is extremely interesting. In a year when the state of Montana, under martial law, with its banks, smelters and coke plants closed, and hundreds in Livingston thrown out of work, was struggling to offset the effects of strikes and panics, the people had

all but forgotten their loyalty to the Government. It was then that Mr. Vilas consulted with a group of men who felt the need of affiliating themselves with a patriotic organization in such a critical period. Through the years of development that followed the institution of the Lodge, his energies and loyalty contributed largely to its success. Livingston Lodge now has a representative mem-

bership which enjoys a distinct leadership in all matters civic and charitable in its community, and has spacious and comfortable quarters.

Joe Zaversack, Leading Phoenix, Ariz., Elk, Dies at 37

The Honorary Life Membership presented recently to P.E.R. Joseph B. Zaversack for his devoted service to Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was voided on July 15 by his death, which occurred in a local hospital. Mr. Zaversack, who at the age of 37 had already held every office in his Lodge which he headed as Exalted Ruler in 1935-36, succumbed to a heart attack after an illness of a week. A group of Past Exalted



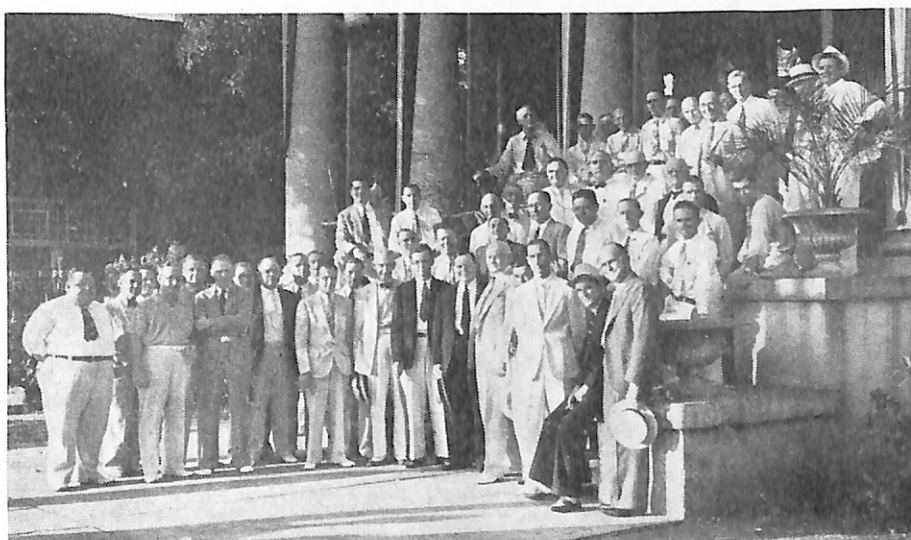
The newly elected and installed officers of Safford, Ariz., Lodge, a Lodge recently instituted by prominent Arizona Elks

Rulers conducted the funeral rites and arranged for the body to be taken to Cleveland, Ohio, his former home, for Catholic services and interment. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zaversack, and a sister, Mrs. Frances Cesnovar.

Mr. Zaversack was one of the leading young attorneys of Phoenix, and was a member of the Arizona, California and Ohio bars and of the Arizona State, Maricopa County and California Bar Associations. He was a graduate of the John Marshall Law School of Cleveland. During his term as Exalted Ruler, Phoenix Lodge increased in membership and morale, and financially attained a firm basis. His fellow members consider his administration marked a definite turning point in the welfare of the Lodge. Since 1926 when he was admitted to the State bar, Mr. Zaversack had been closely associated



Below, a group of Tallahassee, Fla., Elks welcoming David Sholz, their Grand Exalted Ruler, to their Home



Above: The handsomely uniformed Drill Team which is featured in many functions of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge

with P.E.R. Herman Lewkowitz, a Past President of the Ariz. State Elks Assn. Mr. Zaversack also figured prominently in the activities of the Association and was a former State Secretary.

Philadelphia, Pa., Elks Provide Camp Vacations for Many Boys

Through the generosity of the membership of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, who voluntarily contributed to the Boys' Camp activities, about 70 under-nourished and underprivileged boys enjoyed summer vacations at Camp Silver Moon, Green Lane, Pa. The youngsters were guests of Philadelphia Lodge throughout the two weeks of their holiday period.

Complete kits were provided, consisting of sweat shirts, lettered with the name, "Elks," khaki shorts, swimming trunks, sneakers, underwear, towels, tooth brushes and tooth powder, combs, soap, handkerchiefs and blankets. A bus provided by the Elks transported them from the Lodge Home at 1320 Arch Street to the gates of the camp.

The first contingent left on July 3 and a later one on July 17. The committee in charge of this wisely thought-out charitable activity, as well as a great many of the members, were present on each occasion to give the boys a hearty sendoff for the two glorious weeks' respite.

Pa. N. Cent. Dist. Assn. Meets at Renovo Lodge's Country Club

The Country Club belonging to Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, is used for numerous social events and gatherings of the local members. It is also a fine place to hold special meetings. One important event held recently in the comfortable and attractive club house was the eighth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania North-Central District Association. More than 600 Elks accompanied by their ladies were in attendance. Officers were elected to serve for the coming year as follows: Pres., Frank D. Croop, Berwick; Vice-Pres., Charles F. Wickwire, Johnsonburg; Secy., William J. Hanhauser, St. Marys; Treas., William B. Waite, Milton.

During the meeting the Association decided to continue the education of five physically handicapped young men in Pennsylvania colleges. For several years the Lodges of the District have been engaged in this work on which they spend approximately \$1,500 annually.

State Employees Initiated Among Others in Columbus, O., Lodge

Having initiated a class of 51 candidates in June, made up almost entirely of employees of the State Auditor's and Treasurer's Departments, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, will soon add another large number of new members to its rolls. Other State departments will be largely represented in a class of at least 100 to be initiated this month or next.



Above: The officers of Charles-ton, S. C., Lodge and a class of 78 candidates they initiated in honor of the Rev. J. Franklin Burkhart, Chaplain

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges

Memorial to Departed Members Dedicated by Medford, Mass., Lodge

On Sunday afternoon, May 30, Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, dedicated a Memorial in Oak Grove Cemetery to its departed members. The site of the Memorial which is a magnificent bronze elk weighing 1,100 pounds mounted on an 11-ton granite base, is an immense plot overlooking the Arlington and Winchester hills. The landscaping was carefully planned, with shrubs and trees set out to make a fine background when fully grown. The monument is beautifully executed. On its base is a bronze tablet inscribed with the date of dedication, the name and number of the Lodge, and the fact that it has been erected in memory of the Lodge's departed members.

It is estimated that over 2,000 persons attended the Exercises. At 3:30 the Medford officers, members and their guests, escorted by the Lodge's Drill Team, the Medford High Senior Band and a detail of Medford Police, assembled in formation and paraded to Oak Grove. Esquire Rufus H. Bond was Marshal, with P.E.R. James L. Kelleher and Col. John J. Carew, of the 101st Engineers, acting as Aides. The impressive exercises were conducted by E.R. Raymond H. Murray and his officers, and the dedicatory address was delivered by Mayor John J. Irwin who is a member of Medford Lodge. D.D. Frank J. McHugh of Lynn, Mass., Lodge, represented the Grand Lodge. P.E.R. Charles L. Fitzhenry presided. The Memorial was unveiled by the small daughter of P.E.R. Harry C. O'Brien whose father, Thomas C. O'Brien, is the oldest living charter member of



Some of those who attended the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania North Central District Association at Renovo, Pa., Lodge. More than 600 attended

the Lodge. Music was rendered by the Schubert Quartette.

Among the many distinguished Massachusetts Elks who attended the exercises were Michael H. McCarron of Woburn, a Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D.'s Joseph W. Myers, Medford, James E. Donnelly, Lowell, and John F. McGann, Somerville; E.R. John D. Griffiths, Melrose; P.E.R. George Steele, Gloucester, and Secy. Adam Marshall and Sidney Paine, Woburn.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Has New Basement Free of Debt

At a recent meeting of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, the House Committee announced the final payment on the new basement constructed at a cost of over \$6,000. These quarters are proving to be a valuable asset to the Home proper. The Lodge was honored by the presence of D.D. Leslie N. Hemenway, State Treas. Donald P. Fleming and Est.

Loyal Knight Charles C. McConnell, all of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge. The new Sistersville officers were installed after the business session by the District Deputy. A fine lunch was served in the dining room.

Crippled Scouts Sponsored by Ithaca, N. Y., Elks Receive Honors

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, has sponsored a group of four boys undergoing treatment at the Reconstruction Home, who recently were honored for having overcome serious physical handicaps in meeting requirements for Scouting advancement. At a Court of Honor ceremony at the home, Dr. J. A. Dye, Chairman of the Ithaca District Court of Louis Agassiz Fuertes Council, gave achievement awards to Edward Young of Geneva, Dominic Jacobs, of the St. Regis Indian Reservation, Frederick Cox, of Spring Glen, and Floyd Snyder, of Montezuma, all members of Troop 20.

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention



The Will Rogers Memorial on Cheyenne Mountain, where the Elks who went to Denver held memorial services for a beloved fellow Elk

FROM the moment the visiting Elk stepped off his train at Denver, he felt as if he were in the home of a solicitous host who had prepared eagerly for his coming. Reception committees—with men in flamboyant cowboy garb of red and blue, and ladies in natty uniforms of purple and white—were on hand to greet him. Bands blared a heart-warming welcome. Blocks of friendly faces lining the path to his hotel headquarters and miles of pennants and banners decorating the streets voiced an eloquent “Hello Bill” and provided a background in which his own amiable and happy nature might immediately flourish.

Arrivals on Saturday, July 10, included Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge No. 1141, former Governor of Florida, and J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge. Other Grand Lodge officers and their retinues also arrived on Saturday morning and business on 17th Street was suspended while a shouting parade swept uptown for registration of the officers. Indians from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations in South Dakota and throngs of Denver citizens dressed in cowboy garb met the Grand Lodge officers at the station and were featured in the parade in which Mr. Sholtz rode, Western-style, in an old stage coach. Other officials were transported in chuck

wagons and in a fleet of automobiles accompanied by bands and marching delegations. Special trains arrived throughout Sunday and Monday, bringing contingents of Elks from every section of the United States and its Possessions. Thousands more drove to Denver in automobiles. Sixteen Past Grand Exalted Rulers were among those registered at Convention Headquarters.

MONDAY

MONDAY was an extremely busy day for the Elks in Denver. In addition to the Grand Lodge Business Sessions at the Auditorium, other important events on the Convention program took place.

The Elks Ninth National 54-Hole Golf Tournament for the John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy, which is valued at \$2,000, and for many other valuable prizes, got under way at the Cherry Hills Country Club, and promised to be an exciting sports event.

Under the direction of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, the National Ritualistic Contest was held at the Scottish Rite Temple. Arrival of *The Elks Magazine* Good Will Safety Caravan of Studebaker automobiles after a triumphant transcontinental tour was celebrated

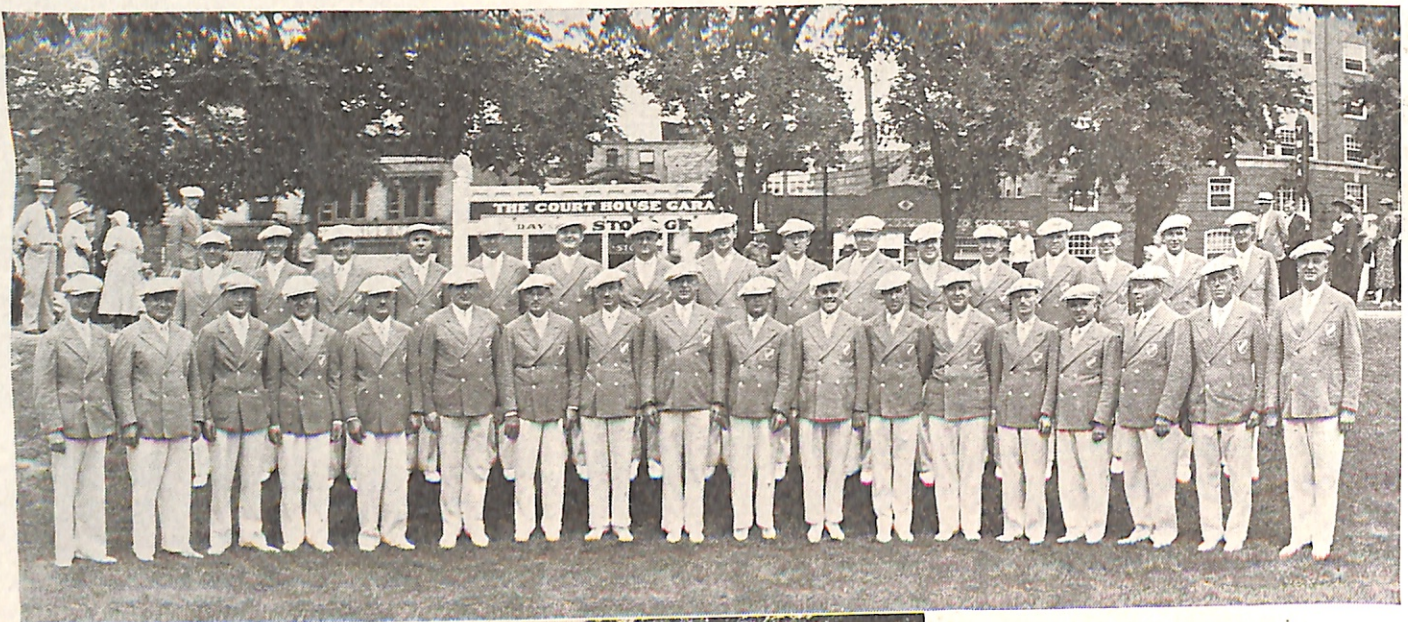
at the Civic Center. Among those welcoming the drivers were Governor Teller Ammons, of Colorado; Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz; Benjamin F. Stapleton, Mayor of Denver; State President Don C. Hutchings, of the Colorado State Elks Association, and many Grand Lodge officers and representatives of the State, county and city.

At Sloan's Lake the first day's practice shooting of the Elks Trap and Skeet Shoot, which was open to all amateurs and professionals, began at the Denver Municipal Trap Club.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and District Deputies attended a luncheon in their honor in the Venetian Gardens of the Shirley-Savoy Hotel. At the speakers' table with Mr. Sholtz were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Bruce A. Campbell, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain and John R. Coen. Simultaneously, the annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association was being held under the presiding offices of President Hutchings in the Home of Denver Lodge. A report of this event will appear in a subsequent issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Opening Public Session

THE opening public session of the Grand Lodge was held in Denver's Municipal Auditorium on Monday evening at eight o'clock. To the back rails on both the orchestra and balcony floors, the seats of the huge



Above, the Los Angeles "Chanters of 99," who won the title in the Elks National Glee Clubs contest



The Palm Beach Trophy being presented to Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge's winning drill team by Elmer L. Ward of Boston Lodge

auditorium were filled with expectant, good-natured citizens of the picturesque State of Colorado. Occupying the side boxes were ladies garbed in white suits, purple neckerchiefs, and purple-lettered white hats, while the first pair of boxes on either side were graced by the "Personality Girls" of Colorado, young ladies chosen by the Lodges of the State and sent to Denver for the Convention week.

As the curtain rose, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Hon. Teller Ammons, Governor of Colorado, Hon. Benjamin F. Stapleton, Mayor of Denver, Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes, and Exalted Ruler Harry Finesilver of Denver Lodge No. 17 were seated on the stage, and behind them the members of the Elks Band of Piqua, Ohio, Lodge No. 523. This band, winner of the national championship in the Elks Band Contest at Columbus in 1935, was drafted at the eleventh hour to substitute for the Elks Symphonic Band of

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, whose arrival had been delayed through faulty train service.

When the District Deputies attending the Convention—more than one hundred in number—had filed down the side aisle of the Auditorium to the tune of a lively march played by the Piqua Lodge Band, Milton L. Anfenger, the present Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, who presided, introduced the sixteen Past Grand Exalted Rulers in Denver for the Convention in the order of their seniority, as follows:

Name	Year	Lodge
John K. Tener	1907-08	Charlelot, Pa.
Rush L. Holland	1908-09	Colo. Springs, Colo.
Raymond Benjamin	1914-15	Napa, Calif.
Edward Rightor	1916-17	New Orleans, La.
Bruce A. Campbell	1918-19	E. St. Louis, Ill.
Frank L. Rain	1919-20	Fairbury, Neb.
William M. Abbott	1920-21	San Francisco, Calif.
J. Edgar Masters	1922-23	Charlelot, Pa.
Wm. Hawley Atwell	1925-26	Dallas, Tex.
Charles H. Grakelow	1926-27	Philadelphia, Pa.
John F. Malley	1927-28	Springfield, Mass.
John R. Coen	1931-32	Sterling, Colo.
Floyd E. Thompson	1932-33	Moline, Ill.
Walter F. Meier	1933-34	Seattle, Wash.
Michael F. Shannon	1934-35	Los Angeles, Calif.
James T. Hallinan	1935-36	Queens Borough, N. Y.

After the introduction of these men who have devoted zealously in the

past years so much of their interest, time, and talent to the welfare of the Order, Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes delivered a moving invocation.

The double quartet from Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794, with Miss Ruth Armstrong as conductor, then sang an original number, "Hello, Denver, Here We Are," followed by a novel rendition of "Wagon Wheels".

The feature of all addresses, save the interesting and timely speech of Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, was their conciseness and brevity. Exalted Ruler Finesilver delivered a "Welcome from '17" by the voice of '17" in which he urged visiting Elks to take advantage of the many provisions Denver Lodge had made for their entertainment.

Governor Ammons, in a short talk, invited the Elks to see the wonders of Colorado and extended to the visitors a hearty welcome. Mayor Stapleton, on the other hand, urged the Elks to meet the people of Colorado, and particularly of Denver. "The people of Denver are the same kind of people that make up the membership of Denver Lodge No. 17," he remarked, and a ripple of applause from those of his hearers wearing purple badges confirmed his observation.

Just preceding the address of Governor Ammons, the Aberdeen Chorus of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge No. 1046, directed by Prof. John Lukken, rendered "The Open Road Is Calling" and "Hear Dem Darkies Sing;" and following Mayor Stapleton's talk, the Chanters of Los An-

geles Lodge No. 99, under the direction of J. Arthur Lewis, sang a number of selections from the "Desert Song"; a special arrangement of "Something About a Soldier," and, as an encore, "Stout Hearted Men."

Mr. Anfenger, after a brief but vivid description of Colorado, introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, who first spoke on the history of the State of Colorado, and then presented to the meeting Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, describing him as the man under whose leadership "Elkdom has definitely turned the corner and now marches again triumphantly on the broad highway of fraternal prosperity."

AS the Grand Exalted Ruler arose, the audience came to its feet and greeted him with applause. With a few well chosen remarks he acknowledged the salute and, through the medium of a humorous story, paid a graceful tribute to the State of Colorado. He then delivered the timely address from which excerpts are printed below:

"We have linked the destiny of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America with the destiny of our country. You and I live under an orderly form of government; we have independence and personal liberty and enjoy privileges that no other people on the face

of the earth today enjoy. At this moment, the daily newspapers of our country are running their presses and on the front page of every newspaper we read what is going on in the world. You cannot help but have read where thousands of children have been brought from Spain to Mexico and to England, none of whom will ever see their parents again, because they are dead. You have read in the newspapers within the last few weeks where eight hundred women in the year 1937 have been shot down from the air by machine guns in airplanes flown by men who are not even citizens of that country. Within the last nine months in this enlightened age in which you and I are living, a hundred and fifty thousand human beings just as good as we are have been killed. We see in Spain today the destruction of a great nation, all because an orderly form of government has broken down.

"The alarm was sounded by one of our great leaders of Elkdom several years ago, when he told of the communistic movement, particularly on the Pacific Coast, and said that California was known as district number thirteen, Communist Internationale. Since that time I have tried to keep in touch with what is going on down in my own part of the world. Florida is known as district number twenty-six, Communist Internationale, while Missouri is known as be-

ing district number ten. Believe it or not, every part of your country has been restricted and the subversive movement is constantly going on. I am not an alarmist, for to me they are like mice gnawing at granite, yet the danger is that we who enjoy the privileges of living in this country may not be aware of what is going on and by our own carelessness and lack of appreciation may some day wake up when it is too late.

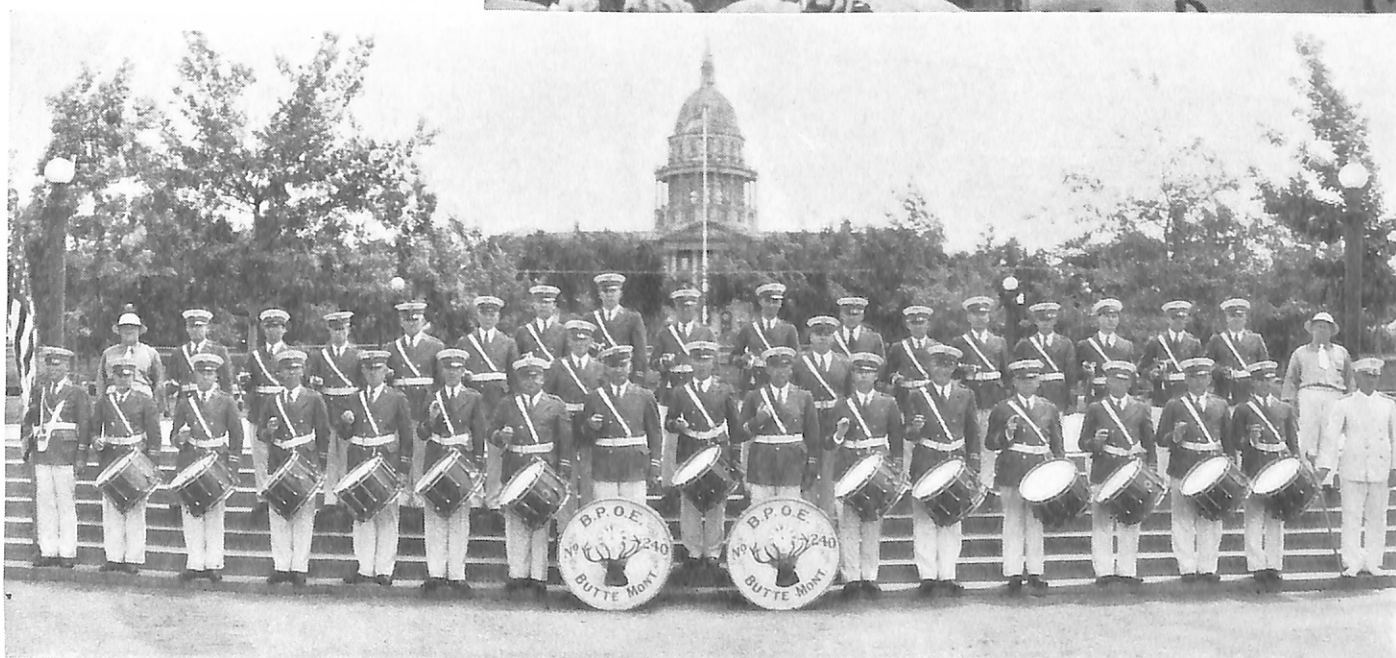
"Within the last year a strike was called on the Pacific Coast, not a strike called by any recognized labor organization of this country, but a strike of Communist origin, called by a man who is not even a citizen of our country, who seriously injured the shipping industry and, if he could, would have driven the American flag from the high seas. It will take us months, it will take us years to fully recover from the damage done and, of course, we lost millions of dollars for American working people and industry that we can never get back. That one strike alone cost your country trade with China which we will never get back. Prior to that Communist strike, the ships flying your flag enjoyed twenty per cent of the trade with China. As a result of that Communist strike of Internationale origin, Japan today enjoys that business. You all know of the various activities in a general

(Continued on page 34)

Right: Charles Spencer Hart, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Spencer Penrose, who built the Will Rogers Memorial on Cheyenne Mountain, photographed at the conclusion of Mr. Hart's splendid address of tribute to Will Rogers from the Memorial near Colorado Springs, Colo., on July 16



Below: The Drum and Bugle Corps of Butte, Mont., Lodge, winner in the National contest for these bodies



Floats in the Convention



Grand Lodge Parade



Ohio



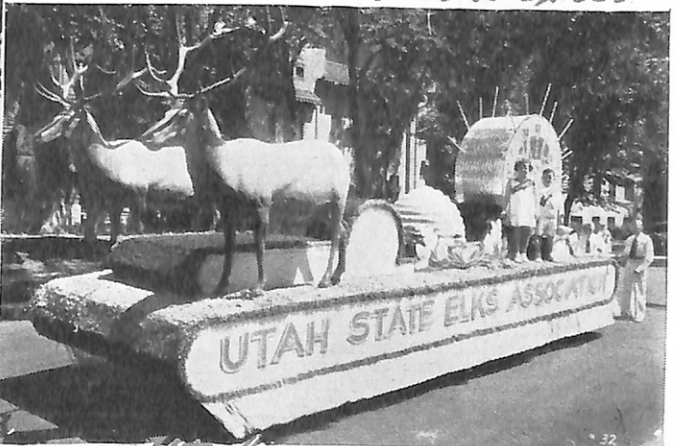
Indiana



New Mexico



New Jersey



Utah



Georgia



Florida



**The Band of Columbus, O., Lodge,
which won the Elks National Band
contest, Class A, at Denver**

way, but how much do you know of the movement in the big cities of this country? We have them everywhere.

"Because we believe as Elks in submission to constituted authority, how proud I was to know that the Elks of Salinas, California, were instrumental in driving out Communists from their city when they were sworn in as deputy sheriffs at a time that their community was threatened with a crop loss that meant so much to the farmers of their community. I know of my own knowledge where an organization of three thousand members of Communist Internationale, paying dues regularly, was broken up within the last year and, much to my amazement, learned of a small town in my own section of the country where everyone in it was American, as well as American born, where we broke up as late as November, 1936, two thoroughly organized Communist cells amongst the high school children.

"How I wish you could have been with me in February of this year, when I learned, which incidentally was only published in the newspapers within the last two months, that women ran up and down the streets with baseball bats, destroying private property in Flint, Michigan, every one of these women wearing red berets; that on the same occasion and at the same time, men ran up and down the streets destroying private property, wearing red arm bands. Believe it or not, in your own country in 1937, automobiles ran up and down the streets of that same city, not carrying the American flag, but each of them with two red flags of the Communist Internationale on the front of the cars.

"As the head of this great American organization, representing five hundred thousand God-loving American citizens, I wish to say with every ounce of energy I possess and as emphatically as I know how, that there is no room in the United States for Nazism, Fascism or Communism."

At the conclusion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, Mr. Anfenger announced that Columbus Lodge's Symphonic Band had arrived, and while its members took seats, the Piqua Lodge band played Sousa's "The Thunderer March."

The Elks Quartette of Springfield, Mo., Lodge No. 409, with Ted Trapp as Director, rendered several vocal selections, the last being the familiar "Auld Lang Syne."

The Columbus Lodge band, in spite

of their delayed appearance, had an excellent opportunity of entertaining the audience, almost all of whom, not only remained out of courtesy, but applauded enthusiastically so that four numbers were played before "The Star Spangled Banner", which, except for an organ postlude by Mary Dobbs Tuttle, concluded the Public Session.

TUESDAY

ON the following day the principal event of the program was the first official session of the Grand Lodge in the Municipal Auditorium, an account of which appeared in the Convention story in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*. While the National Golf Tournament continued at the Park Hill Golf Course, and the National 16-Yard Double and Five-Man Team Trap Shoot was taking place, the National Drum and Bugle Corps Contest began at the Civic Center. In the Broadway Theatre adjoining the Cosmopolitan Hotel those Glee Clubs and singing groups brought to Denver by many Lodges competed in the National Glee Club Contest.

During the afternoon an important meeting of the Presidents and Secretaries of the various State Elks Associations represented at the Convention was held in the Brown Palace Hotel, with Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz the principal speaker.

The ladies were entertained during the afternoon by a reception, entertainment and a preview of fall fashions. A tea dance was held in the ball room of the Elks Home.

Among the other diversions offered the visiting Elks were automobile tours of the city, automobile races at Merchants Park, a musical program by visiting Elks bands that evening, and dancing and fireworks at Lakeside Amusement Park. An informal dance was also held at the Elks Home.

WEDNESDAY

ON Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, immediately following the second business session, the solemn Grand Lodge Memorial Exercises were held to commemorate those members of the Order who had passed on to their reward in the course of the Grand Lodge year. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener officiated.

An organ prelude by Henry T. Wehrmann, official organist, preceded an invocation by Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes. The Elks Double Quartette of Santa Ana, Cal., Lodge No. 794 then rendered Caro Roma's "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears."

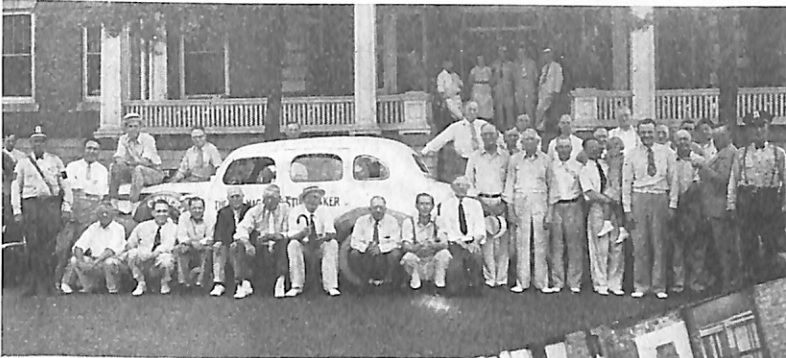
In a few brief comments, Chairman Tener summed up the Elk religion as belief in a Supreme Being and practice of the virtues of Brotherly Love, Justice, and Charity. "During the past year," he continued, "eight thousand, nine hundred fourteen of our Brothers have passed on, and of these five hundred twenty-five were members of the Grand Lodge, and among those erstwhile members of Grand Lodge were Brothers whose outstanding service to the Order would seem to justify special mention during these memorial exercises. In recollection of these and all the other Brothers who have gone and who had kept the faith of our religion, I sometimes feel that I can envisage them as they are summoned

(Continued on page 51)

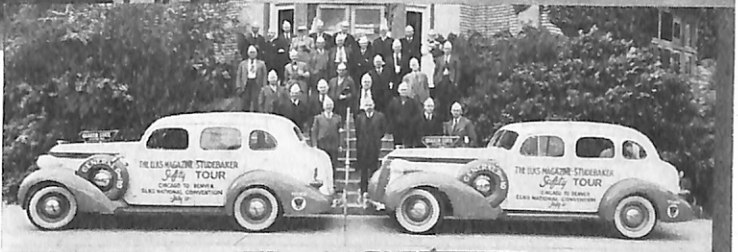
The Elks Safety Fleet

Elks Good Will Ambassadors enthusiastically received

*Below at left: Hutchinson, Kan., Uniontown, Pa.,
Williamson, W. Virginia, Madison, Wis., and New-
port News, Va.*



Above: Spokane, Wash., and Dixon, Ill.



*The three views above were taken
at Boulder, Colo., Medford, Ore.,
and Defiance, Ohio. Below: Mid-
dletown, Conn.*





Above, the float of Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge which won first prize in the State Convention parade at Davenport

North Dakota

Characterized by more enthusiasm than has been displayed since 1917, the annual convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association took place at Jamestown June 7-8. Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz headed the list of prominent guests among whom were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow and State Pres. R. G. Mayer, both of Aberdeen, S. Dak., and Judge Leonard Eriksson of Fergus Falls, Pres. of the Minnesota State Elks Association.

The first business session, on Monday morning, was presided over by State Pres. L. B. Hanna, of Fargo, former Governor of North Dakota. Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Committee, turned in his report. Mr. Stern stated that during the past year \$11,000 had been spent by the ten Lodges in various branches of the work which is the chief charitable activity of the State Association. Through the efforts of the Committee, the State and Federal Governments have appropriated \$100,000 for crippled children work for the next two years. In conjunction with this, eight clinics have been held under the supervision of the North Dakota Lodges and over 800 children have been examined. D.D. A. R. Weinhandl, of Mandan Lodge, reported on the conditions of the various Lodges. The parade was held in the afternoon, participated in by the Drum and Bugle Corps of Minot Lodge, the Elks Purple Band of Fargo Lodge, and the James-

town Elks Band. A long line of beautiful floats gave added color to the procession. The annual banquet on Monday night was attended by 500 persons, with Pres. Hanna the principal speaker. At the conclusion of his address he presented each of the subordinate Lodges of the State with a silk flag suitable for Lodge purposes.

The arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler on Tuesday morning was the first event of a full and interesting day. A breakfast was held in his honor attended by the State officers and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of North Dakota Lodges. Mr. Sholtz then attended the business session at which reports from the Lodges were read. Judge Eriksson spoke at the meeting. That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid and inspiring address to all Elks attending the Convention.

THE Association's semi-annual meeting will take place in Fargo in November, at which time dates for the 1938 Convention to be held in Mandan will be decided upon. Minot Lodge, No. 1089, was awarded the Ritualistic Trophy for the third consecutive year. The same officers of the Association were all reelected for the coming year. They are as follows: Pres., L. B. Hanna, Fargo; Vice-Pres., Sam Stern, Fargo; Secy., E. A. Reed, Jamestown, Treas., Alec Rawitcher, Williston; Trustees: A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson, Frank Kent, Grand Forks, and Charles Doyon, Devils Lake.

South Dakota

South Dakota Elks enjoyed a big day on June 10 when Huron Lodge, No. 444, entertained the S. D. State Elks Assn. at its Annual Convention. Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz arrived shortly after noon and was escorted into the city from the fairgrounds by the Elks Band, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, trucks of the Huron Fire Department and a large number of Elks whose cars formed a long procession. As an honored guest the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at the afternoon business session and at the All-State Meeting held that evening in the Lodge Home. A class of 13 candidates was initiated in his honor by the host Lodge's championship Ritualistic Team.

Another special guest at the night meeting was Governor Leslie Jensen, a member of Rapid City, S. D., Lodge, and the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow of Aberdeen, D.D. James M. Lloyd of Yankton, and the retiring and newly elected State officers added to the dignity as well as the enjoyment of the occasion. Speeches, the initiation, a band concert, entertainment and a big "feed" were the features of the program. A six o'clock dinner in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Gov. Jensen had preceded the meeting.

The officers who will serve the Association during the coming year are Pres., E. B. Peterson, Sioux Falls; 1st Vice-Pres., R. G. Mayer of Aberdeen Lodge, the retiring President;

2nd Vice-Pres., Charles R. Hayes, Deadwood; 3rd Vice-Pres., Leo A. Temmey, Huron; Secy., Carl H. Nelles, Madison, reelected; Treas., M. M. Korte, Aberdeen, reelected; Trustee, Chester L. Morgan, Mitchell.

Mississippi

The Mississippi State Elks Association met on June 17 at Hattiesburg for its annual convention, and elected the following officers for the coming year: Pres., Sam Miller, Hattiesburg; 1st Vice-Pres., G. B. Cousins, Biloxi; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. A. Ritchie, Clarksdale; 3rd Vice-Pres., L. A. Nichols, Vicksburg; Secy.-Treas., W. W. Walker, Pascagoula; Tiler, Joseph Sherin, Hattiesburg; Chaplain, the Rev. John L. Sutton, Jackson; Esquire, Edward Smith, Jackson; Trustees: J. M. Talbot, Clarksdale, and Bill Hubbell, Biloxi. The Association voted to meet in Biloxi in 1938.

New Jersey

The New Jersey State Elks Association held its 24th Annual Convention in Newark on June 18-19, with an estimated attendance of

10,000 members of the Order. The meeting brought to a close one of the Association's most successful years due in great part to the administration of retiring Pres. Arthur Scheffler of Hoboken. Major activities were the organization of new Antlers Lodges, crippled children work and participation in the Youth Movement. Under the leadership of Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee, the care of crippled children again ranked as the leading charitable endeavor with an expenditure of \$103,789.05 for the year. An interesting motion picture, "Redesigned for Living," made by the New Jersey Orthopedic Hospital, was shown after the committee report had been submitted.

A banquet in honor of the retiring and incoming Presidents was held. Some of the most prominent men in the Order were present, among them being Charles Spencer Hart, the present Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, No. 1; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; E.R. Anthony Giuliano, Newark; D.D.'s B. C. W. Stilwell, Ridgewood, Thomas V. Reagen, Nutley, Frank M. Travaline, Jr., Camden, and Louis R. Harding, Plainfield; Past State Pres.'s Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover, John H. Cose, Plainfield, Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, William Conklin, Englewood, Edgar T. Reed and Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy, Col. William H. Kelly, East Orange, Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, and Nicholas Albano, and Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Newark;

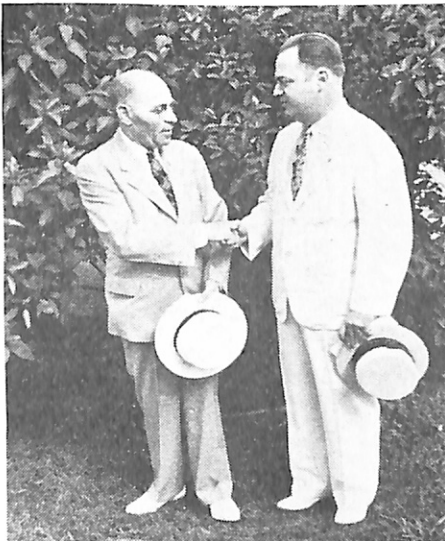
State Vice-Pres.'s Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen, Frank W. Lord, Newton, Arthur J. Skinner, Lambertville, and Walter F. Schifferli, Rutherford; Congressmen Edward L. O'Neill, Newark, and Frank W. Towey, Jr., Caldwell, and Mayor Meyer C. Ellenstein, P.E.R., Newark.

On Saturday, June 19, 6,000 members from 35 New Jersey Lodges marched in one of the most colorful convention parades ever held, with the onlookers estimated at 30,000 persons. Elizabeth Lodge, which also won the loving cup in the Drill Contest, and a radio for having the greatest number of ladies registered, won the large silk flag for having the largest delegation on parade. Hoboken Lodge was awarded the radio prize for the best float, and the best decorated auto prize went to Plainfield Lodge which also won the loving cup offered for the best marching music played by an Elks' Band. The best Drum Corps was "T.A.B.'s" of Elizabeth, representing Hillside Lodge, which also won the award for the largest percentage of men in the parade. Clifton Lodge won the best appearance prize and the award for the most unique went to Union Lodge. A ball and reception was held in the Lodge Home.

The first quarterly meeting of the Association will be held in the Home of Mount Holly Lodge, No. 848, on Sunday, Sept. 12. The new State officers are: Pres., Murray B. Sheldon, Elizabeth; District Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., John J. Albiez, Union; N.E. James A. Breslin, Lyndhurst; N.W., William E. Kennedy, West Orange; South, R. W. Kidd, Penns Grove; Secy., Francis J. Eagan, Weehawken; Treas., Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch, reelected; Trustee, Joseph F. Hurley, Jersey City.

Maine

P.D.D. John P. Carey, of Bath Lodge, was elected President of the
(Continued on page 55)



Left, P.D.D. J. Bush and D.D. Charles G. Bruce, State President, at the Georgia State Elks Convention at Savannah Beach



Above, left: Governor Sholtz and J. Bush, an Associate Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, standing before a portrait of Mr. Bush, and right, at the affair held by Decatur, Ga., Lodge celebrating the unveiling of the portrait and naming Mr. Bush as the Founder of Decatur Lodge

The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart



ALABAMA, NORTH
ALABAMA, SOUTH
ALASKA, EAST
ALASKA, WEST
ARKANSAS
ARIZONA, NORTH
ARIZONA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, BAY
CALIFORNIA EAST
CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, WEST
CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, NORTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CENTRAL
CANAL ZONE
COLORADO, CENTRAL
COLORADO, NORTH
COLORADO, SOUTH
COLORADO, WEST
CONNECTICUT, EAST
CONNECTICUT, WEST
FLORIDA, EAST
FLORIDA, WEST
FLORIDA, NORTH
GEORGIA, NORTH
GEORGIA, SOUTH
GUAM
HAWAII
IDAHO, NORTH
IDAHO, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST
ILLINOIS, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST
INDIANA, NORTH
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH
IOWA, SOUTHEAST
IOWA, NORTHEAST
IOWA, WEST
KANSAS, EAST
KANSAS, WEST
KENTUCKY, EAST
KENTUCKY, WEST
LOUISIANA, NORTH
LOUISIANA, SOUTH
MAINE, EAST
MAINE, WEST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE
AND DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA
MASSACHUSETTS,
NORTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS,
SOUTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST
MICHIGAN, WEST
MICHIGAN, EAST

George Ross
C. L. DeBardleben
M. E. Monagle
Francis E. LaRue
A. L. Justin
K. W. Davidson
Henry M. Beard
Sam J. McKee

James O. Reavis

J. A. Greenelsh
R. B. Mueller
R. J. Asbury

George D. Hastings
Robert G. Noc
Arthur C. Mink
Howard B. Bloedorn
R. P. Lewis
O. A. Ehrgott
George W. Hickey
John E. Lynch
I. Walter Hawkins
R. Vivian Lee
C. L. Johnson
Frank M. Robertson
T. L. Moss, Jr.
Albert L. Kerner
D. A. Devine
John A. Bever
Milton E. Zener
Frank W. Tracy
George H. Lindburg
Phil Wendel
A. J. Fish
Irvin Lloyd
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The Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed these men as aids during his term in office

Blind Man's Holiday

(Continued from page 11)

Suddenly and completely the storm broke, the water descending in a solid sheet, as though some celestial sluice gate had been thrown open.

"What's that?" demanded Ken.

"Rain," said Carol. "Rain, Kenny. Buckets of rain."

His lips tightened.

"That's bad," he said. "It'll bring all the ice down in a hurry, and the river above Northtown can't hold another quart. Well, maybe it'll let up in a little while."

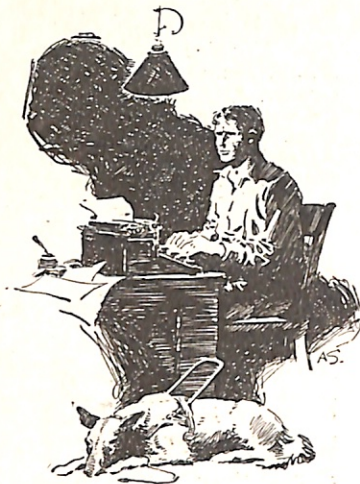
Three hours later it hadn't let up at all. Patterson had a direct wire to the dam, and Harris, a reporter stationed there, announced the water rising rapidly. The telephone operator at the *Herald* switchboard was swamped with calls. It was impossible to get relief operators. Carol was pressed into service. She said it over and over again, while the terror in her own heart mounted with each new report. "The water is above the danger level, and is still rising . . . the water is still rising . . . all residents of the river section are warned to leave . . . the water is rising at the rate of two feet an hour. . . ."

About her the work of getting out a paper went forward. Patterson had decided to go to press at midnight with an "extra" and the pile of copy grew in the basket on his desk. The man at the Northtown dam reported the low sections completely under water. Northtown itself was flooded. Scores were stranded in the upper floors of their houses—buildings were being washed away—warehouses were submerged. The Red Cross was sending help. . . . There was no great danger to Wayneville unless the dam gave way, but Wayneville citizens should be prepared. A boat rescue service was being organized, with headquarters at the west side fire station a few blocks away. Carol transferred a report to Jenkins that a dozen refugees had already been brought in from the river bank colony.

At eleven o'clock the water was still rising.

One of the men battled his way across the street and returned with sandwiches and coffee. They all ate, gathered about the big copy table. Patterson's face was white and set. Jenkins hadn't stopped scowling for the past hour. Reporters came and went in the city room, braving the torrent to return with reports which became more and more disheartening. The coffee cup shook in Carol's hand. She hadn't known it would be like this. Suppose the dam should really break?

"Don't let it happen, God, don't let it happen," went the little prayer in her heart. "Maybe it is Daddy's fault, but he didn't know. He didn't mean to do it. Don't let the dam go."



Ken had told him—Ken had told him. If he had only listened. Now it was too late.

Ken went back and forth between his office and the city room, his hand on Lad's harness. He had just finished the lead story for the "extra" and was standing talking to Patterson, back of Carol's chair, when they heard the dam go. First a distant boom, then a crash, and then the sound of rushing water.

"Listen," said Patterson.

"It's gone," said Ken. "The dam's gone!"

In the same moment the lights went out, the vibration of the distant presses stopped, and Carol said, "Oh," like a frightened child. And then they heard the water rushing past them in the street outside.

"Let's have some lights," said Patterson, and somebody lighted the kerosene lanterns which had been brought up from the basement in anticipation of the emergency. They all stared at one another in the flickering gloom, all but Ken, whose face was serene and aloof, like a cameo, Carol thought, watching him with frightened eyes.

"I'm so glad I'm with him," she thought. "I'm so glad I stayed."

There was the sound of feet on the stairs and the men from the press room and the departments on the lower floor swarmed into the room, their voices hoarse with excitement. Patterson gave orders in a low tone and Jenkins began marshalling them into groups, ready for service. It was all strange and unreal in the flickering light of the lanterns.

"Come over to the window," said Ken. "Tell me what it's doing."

"It's doing," said Carol, "a great deal."

How much to tell Ken. Things sounded worse than they looked, sometimes. She didn't want him to be frightened. She hesitated.

"Tell me the truth," he said.

"Main Street's a river, Ken. I can only see a little way, it's so black between the buildings. All sorts of things are being carried along in it—carts, and furniture, and baby carriages, and—"

She screamed suddenly.

"There are people in it. Oh, somebody help them . . . quickly. . . ."

There was a rush for the windows. At one end of the office a rope was let down, then someone came with a ladder. Two of the linotype men climbed on the sill, and Jenkins shouted directions. At first it was impossible to reach anyone. Ken heard the shouts, the entreaties, then the silence which followed an unsuccessful attempt. But finally a woman was lifted into the room, then a little boy, and then another woman, holding a baby. They stood, frightened and dripping, in the dismal circle of the lantern light.

Patterson was calling out directions to the reporters around the copy desk. The men went on with their rescue work. Something must be done with the poor, shivering creatures. Carol sprang into action. Where could she take them? Ken's office. In a few moments she had them all in there, huddled about his desk, the boy wrapped in Ken's raincoat, the women bundled in her own furs. She took off the baby's wet clothes and wrapped him in an auto robe.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Ken," she called, as she rushed past him in search of coffee.

Ken stood quietly where she had left him. His heart was beating like mad, in a perfect frenzy of despair. The sense of his blindness overwhelmed him as it never had before, even in the beginning. Since he had Lad he had gained a spirit of independence, he had felt that he was a man again. Now he found himself facing a situation where Lad could not help him, could not see for him, and he realized how helpless he really was. Helpless—he was worse than that. He not only could not save anyone, even the girl he loved, he was a burden, someone who had to be looked after if real danger arose. Why he would not even know danger threatened until it hit him. The old desperation came back.

A cold nose was thrust into his hand and his fingers closed on a furry ear. Lad was still there. He was not deserted. Lad would help him somehow. And he and Lad together were as good as any man who ever walked the earth. He turned and went toward the copy desk.

He sensed the excitement as he drew near.

"We've got to establish some sort of communication with the fire house," Patterson was saying.

"We've got to get in touch with them somehow."

"Show me how you're going to do it," Jenkins demanded. "They're five blocks away—the telephone lines are down—the radio's cut off—there's no way to signal."

"If we only had a boat. Could we make a raft?"

"Raft?" Jenkins laughed scornfully. "Take a look at that water. You couldn't keep a raft right side up three minutes in that current."

The night wore on. The rescue squad was working grimly, methodically, in short time relays, their flashlights darting here and there over the surface of the hideous tumult below. The men were drenched to the skin, lips blue, teeth chattering, but still they went down the ladder and came up with their terrified, sometimes unconscious, burdens. There were fifteen miserable huddled figures in the office now. Carol did what she could for them, but it was pathetically little. The fire in the boilers had gone out. The office was cold and the damp chill of the air from the open windows penetrated to every corner. But she kept up a constant stream of assurance as she wrapped the victims in burlap bags brought up from the mailing room, and doled out whiskey by the teaspoonful from Patterson's flask.

Ken sat alone in a corner, his head in his hands. Lad lay at his feet, his eyes questioning. It was a strange night and strange things were happening. The dog sensed the excitement, but his place was with Ken. He had not moved from his side all evening.

At three o'clock in the morning one of the men lifted a white-faced girl from a floating piece of wreckage, and brought her to Carol. She was sobbing hysterically, and it was a little while before Carol could understand her. But what she finally comprehended sent her shaking and filled with panic to Patterson.

"That's Minnie Osborne, the teacher of the district school this side of Northtown, you know, the one on the river bank," she told him. "She says the children are marooned there. The water came up suddenly this afternoon. One of the boys finally got the rowboat out of the shed for her, and she started for

the nearest house to phone for help. Then the rain came. She couldn't see where she was going, and she lost an oar. She has been drifting ever since—when the dam broke, her boat was caught in the current—"

"But the kids—what happened to the youngsters?"

"That's it—they're there—they're still there—in the school house—alone. Think of it—all this horrible night—the poor babies—"

"They're there if the school house is still standing," Patterson's expression was grim.

"We've got to do something."

"Sure. The question is, what? No lights . . . no telephone . . . no boat . . ."

"They've got emergency boats at the fire station."

"That's five blocks away, and it's so black out there you can't see six inches ahead of you. How are we going to get word to them?"

"I don't know," said Carol.

"We'll have to wait for daylight."

"No, we can't," said Carol. "We've got to do something right now."

"How?"

"I know how," said Ken. "I'll swim over and tell them."

They hadn't seen him approach. His voice startled them. Patterson laughed.

"No one can swim in this, Ken. The current would sweep you right away. And it's black as Hades out there. A man couldn't tell where he was going."

"I could."

His tone checked Patterson's impatient dismissal.

"You could!"

"Sure. What difference does the

darkness make to me. Lad and I could do it."

"You don't know what you're talking about. That current. . ."

"It's slowed up a little," Jenkins put in. "The water seems fairly quiet around on the other side of the building."

"The warehouses form a sort of breakwater," said one of the reporters. "The current wouldn't strike him till he gets to North Street. The fight would be that block to the fire house."

"I held a swimming championship once upon a time, and getting cracked on the head didn't take that away from me," said Ken.

He was already unlacing his shoes. Carol made an instinctive gesture of appeal.

"Ken," said the editor, "I can't let you do this."

"Let me?" said Ken, and grinned. "I'd like to see you keep me from it."

Patterson looked at Carol. She was very white and her lips were trembling, but as she watched Ken her tired face was suddenly illumined. She turned to Patterson and nodded her head. Patterson shrugged his shoulders helplessly. After all, it was Ken's decision—his and Carol's. What right had he to mix into it?

"How are you going to find your way, Ken?" he asked.

"Lad and I won't get lost. We never have yet, have we, Boy, and we've made that trip many times."

"On your feet, yes, but this is the first time you've ever tried swimming it."

"The direction's the same. Three blocks east and a block south. We turn at the garage on the corner."

"The garage is probably half under water."

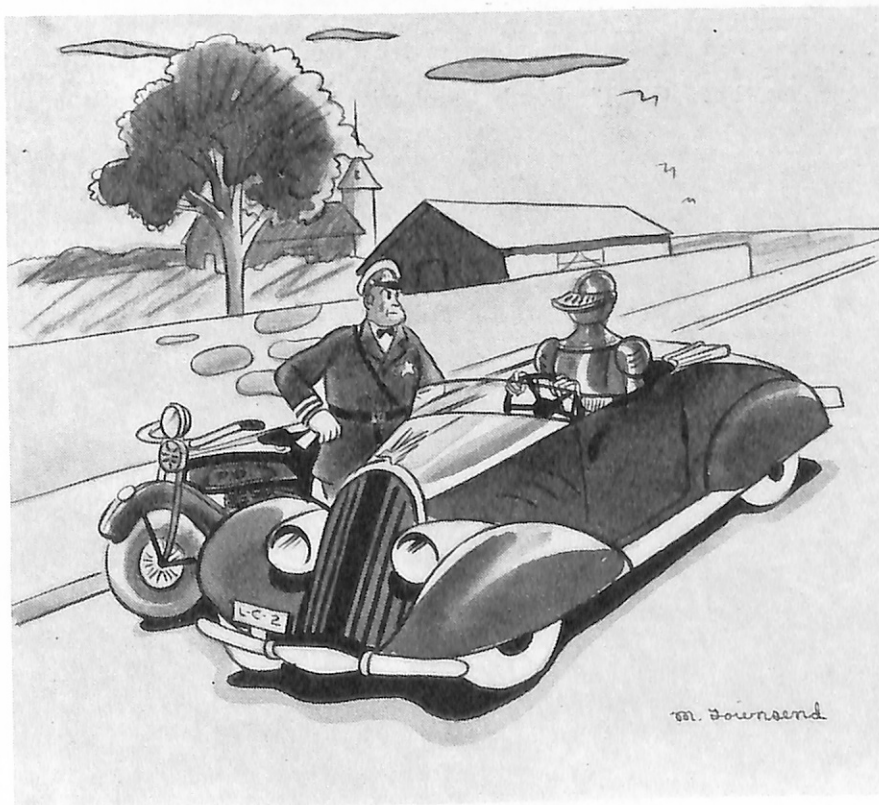
"Maybe, but the smell's still there, I'll bet. Start us off, somebody. Where's this ladder?"

The group moved to a rear window, the men busy explaining. The rain had stopped but it was still dark. Patterson went down the ladder and came back.

"It seems fairly quiet back there where it's protected. God only knows the damage that's been done, but the water has stopped rising."

"O. K.," said Ken.

"Listen," said Patterson, "I can't let you do this."



"My husband wants me to wear it until I learn how to drive."

Ken turned in his direction, and for a second the editor would have sworn the blind eyes looked into his.

"There are twenty youngsters alone . . . out there . . . in that flood . . . twenty kids we can save, perhaps, if . . ."

He broke off. His arms went about Carol. He kissed her gently and let her go.

"Be a good girl," he said. "Keep your chin up, Honey."

"I will, Ken," she promised. "Hurry back."

Her hand lingered on the dog's head for a moment.

"Take care of him, Lad," she whispered. Then she heard Ken's voice.

"Up, boy," he said. "Forward, Lad."

He sat on the window sill and swung himself over the side. The dog, half hanging from the window, followed his every movement until he disappeared. Then there was a splash, and Ken's voice came from below, "Come on, Lad."

The big dog gathered himself together and launched himself into the darkness.

IT was cold, a hideous numbing cold which chilled Ken to the marrow at once, but he struck out vigorously. Almost immediately he was conscious of Lad, swimming sturdily beside him, as he had done so many times before. They had made a game of it in the long summer days, and Ken played a game now, calling out challengingly. But after a few minutes he decided that he had better save his breath. The water felt dirty and was full of debris. Once a plank hit him with such force that he had a sense of panic. He rested a little, reaching out to touch the panting, wet body beside him. He had thought he might estimate the distance by counting the strokes, but when he crossed the first street which came to a dead end against the warehouses he was so conscious of the cross currents that he knew he could count the blocks easily enough. Three blocks east.

"Lad forward," he called to the dog, and forward they battled their way until the tug of the current told him they were approaching North Street.

A voice shouted to him as he swam past a building, but he paid no attention. He assumed that they only heard him in the darkness. It must still be too dark for anyone to see, he

thought. Well, until daylight came was his little hour. In the light everyone had the advantage of him, but at night, in the blackness, it was he who was at home—he who knew, by a sense they did not have, how to turn and twist and maneuver his way through that filthy water, that mass of wreckage.

SUDDENLY he realized he had reached North Street. He knew from the cross current that caught him up, made his stroke seem futile, his body a cork bobbing helplessly in a whirlpool. Had he turned—was he going in the right direction, or had he become confused? He tread water, trying to get his bearings and determine where he was. And then he got the scent, the familiar scent which always guided him in this part of town, the unmistakable odor of gasoline. The garage was to the right of him.

He flung out a hand toward Lad, grasped his thick coat.

"Lad, left," he ordered. "Left, boy."

The swimming dog made a sudden turn and the handle was almost torn from Ken's grasp. But he managed to cling, swimming as they often had done in the summer, his head close to the paddling paws. He was utterly confused now. It seemed that they were going back in the direction they had come, but Lad moved steadily on, and Ken with him.

He was so cold that he swam with difficulty. The numbness which held his body was beginning to penetrate his brain, but he would not yield. The fire house was just beyond. He must reach the fire house, and tell them—and tell them—

His head was reeling. What was it he was supposed to tell them? He couldn't remember. Where was Carol? Lovely Carol, with her wide,

blue eyes, eyes he would never look into again. And her eager voice. He was growing weaker and weaker. Perhaps he would never hear her voice again either. Maybe it was better so—better for Carol. Married to a blind man—a girl like that. He must have been crazy to think it could happen.

Her father had been right. He couldn't ask her to share his limited life. This was the answer. This was the way it was supposed to be. She wouldn't need to be ashamed of him. He'd tried. She'd understand. He'd really tried, but it was no good. Everything was grey and strange . . . he couldn't try any longer. His day was done . . . was fading into night. . . .

Of course, he did want to tell them at the fire house about those children. The children . . . the thought of them sounded an alarm in his brain. He had to save the children. Plenty of time to lie down on the job afterward. He began to struggle desperately. Fight—that was it—fight—But it was no use. His numbed limbs refused to work. He felt himself sinking . . . sinking. There was a desperate tugging at his collar. Lad—good old Lad. And then his free hand, clutching at air, encountered something solid, slippery but substantial, something which did not yield to his touch. With his last ounce of strength he hauled himself up upon a drifting plank and slipped into icy blackness to the sound of frantic barking.

THE burning taste of whiskey—not very good whiskey—being forced down his throat broke into the dream. He tried to sit up.

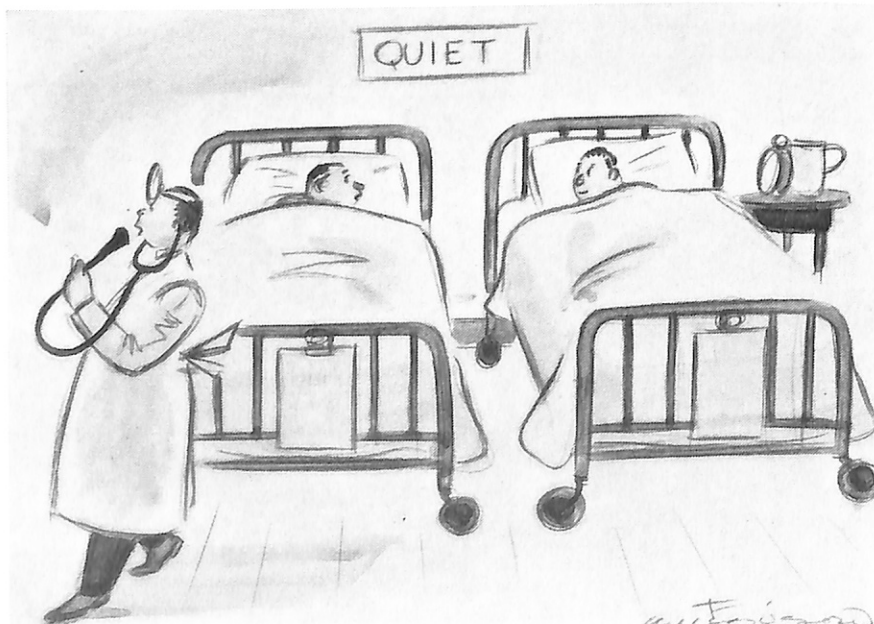
"Did I make it?" he demanded thickly. And then, "Children—children," he shouted. "Marooned at the River Bank School . . . somebody get the children."

But he knew it was no use. It was too late. He had failed.

Men's voices he recognized echoed 'round him, there was the sound of running feet and Lad's lusty bark, and then once again everything was blotted out in silence.

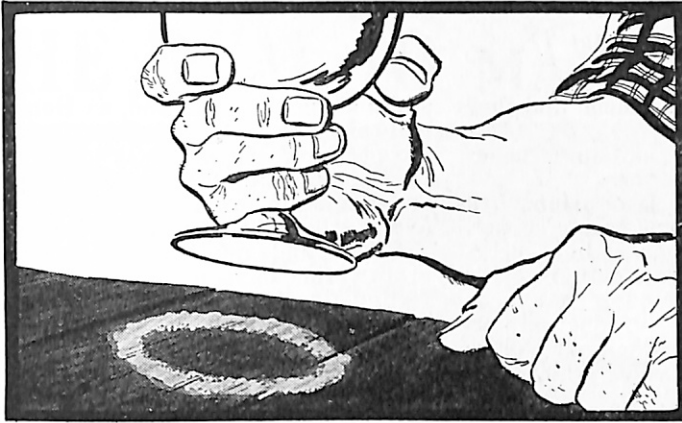
It was late in the day when he woke up again. He suspected he had been asleep for a long time, but there was no sense in opening his eyes. He knew it was Carol's hand, little and firm and comforting, which was holding

(Continued on page 47)

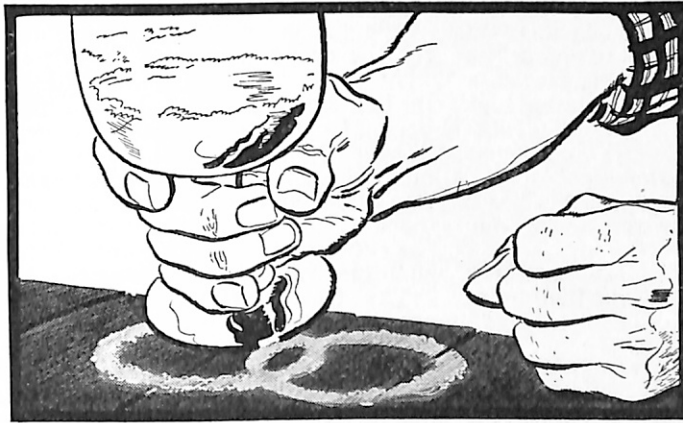


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University Punch

(Continued from page 7)

is a tall thin guy with stringy arms and legs and a face like a horse who does not look like much but who can tear your head right off your neck with each hand. I am gaping around until I spot Rose in a good place just back of the press seats. She waves her hand at me and smiles, friendly. Well, it is queer how the same old feeling comes up automatic. It does not last long, though, and there is nothing I can do to make it stay. Anyway, I think, bitter, she will probably go on being a sister to me and after awhile she and Benjamin will ask me to come over and eat, so the kids can call me Uncle Sam.

By now the ring is cleared. Dinky pats Benjamin on the shoulder and we crawl out between the ropes as the bell clangs.

"I do not want to look," Dinky says to me.

I can't tell him not to worry, so I don't open my yap.

Our Benjamin is no more afraid of Honeyball than if he knew that it is all to be polite and harmless. He winds up and Honeyball almost goes out of sight there is so many gloves aimed at him. The crowd is all set for plenty of action and this looks like something real. Only a few see that Honeyball is nothing from the waist up but gloves, and elbows. Benjamin realizes this so he steps back and looks him over cool. At this Honeyball uncurls a left arm and snaps six or seven jabs on our college boy's map. All hands stand up yelling, but I know none of them blows would bend an eyelash.

Benjamin starts mixing it again, and Honeyball does some infighting that is perfection. You can hear his gloves slap on our boy's ribs and it is so convincing that the crowd is upright to be sure and see Benjamin fall. Even Dinky laps it up like the rest. The bell clinks and Benjamin walks over to us. Dinky says, unbelieving, "That's our round."

Benjamin is fresh as a daisy. The next round is like the first; our boy takes the fight all away from Honeyball. The third is more even. The fourth Honeyball puts on steam, and pulls out.

Dinky is fit to be tied. He looks at Benjamin with awe and respect. I feel sort of sorry for Dinky. My admiration is all for this Honeyball. It is the smoothest phony show on which I have ever laid an eye.

Benjamin has not said much during the fight. Only once he remarks to Dinky, "I thought this Honeyball was a puncher!"

The fifth round opens like the rest and goes on for a minute. Honeyball misses a left hook and clinches.

The ref slaps both of them, and they unwind.

It is then that Benjamin makes what is called "history."

He turns his back on Honeyball and walks deliberately to his corner. The next ten seconds is like everybody has died. I think Honeyball's jaw will be dislocated it hangs so far open, and the ref just stands rubbing his lamps. Then our college boy remarks in a voice which carries out to 7th Avenue.

"This guy is stalling. He is pulling his punches. He is faking. This bout is fixed. It is crooked, and I am through."

After that comes what is called chaos. Benjamin starts to climb out of the ring and Dinky tries to head him off. Honeyball's manager crawls under the ropes, yelling. The 15 thou. who has paid good jack, roars with laughter, rage and disgust. The timekeeper bangs the gong like a four-alarm fire. Ten or a dozen cops jump into the ring. It is all so cock-eyed that nobody knows just what kind of a row to start.

Fortunate, the ref keeps his head, and drags Honeyball over to our corner.

"Now," he says, "let's get this straight." He looks at Benjamin. "You claim Honeyball is not trying?"

"I do," says Benjamin.

"Well, what about it?" the ref asks Honeyball.

Honeyball tries to speak. He is thinking he has been double-crossed in a new way and he is crazy mad. I get in back of a cop so he will not have a look at me.

"That mug's goofy," he says finally. "He will get plenty fight before this eve is over."

"All right," says the ref. "When the bell rings, you fight one minute and twenty seconds to finish the round. And if I see one phony move neither of you will ever put on a glove in New York again."

The ref signals the timekeeper to pick up the fight and Benjamin dashes at Honeyball. Honeyball sticks out one long arm and our boy stops as though he has met up with a truck. I can see him shake all the way down to his socks. Then Honeyball crosses his right and Benjamin shakes again.

Honeyball steps aside so Benjamin has room to fall, which he does without hesitating. I am half in the ring so as to be ready to carry him out when I see his back quiver and he rolls over. The count is at six and Benjamin claws at the rope and gets his shoulders off the canvas. I can't believe my eyes, for two punches like them is enough for any evening. The ref bellows "eight!" and there is Benjamin standing upright. He

slides along the rope, and, as Honeyball comes in fast, grabs him around the neck and hangs on. It takes the ref some struggling to get him loose, and Benjamin promptly grabs again and is still erect when the bell rings.

Dinky and me worked on him proper, for he is a long way from feeling like he did only one minute before.

"For Pete's sake," I say. "Stay away from him."

The bell rings and he rushes out just as if I had not spoken.

Honeyball jabs him six in a row, socks him twice to the heart and then settles down to work. I turn my head away.

The crowd is going crazy and I hear a great yelp go up, so I open my eyes in time to see Benjamin falling backwards.

"This time," I think, "we are done for the evening."

At seven there is a sign of life in Benjamin, and at nine he staggers up somehow and pokes a feeble left at Honeyball. There is three punches and Benjamin is down again. Benjamin gets up and is knocked down at once. I ask Dink to motion the ref to stop it, but he won't listen, so I just watch and feel rotten.

This time Benjamin comes up at six. Honeyball is sore, as he thinks maybe he is being kidded or something.

He sets to work with a lot of jabs and hooks, none of which miss Benjamin. He is still at it when the bell rings. I have to go out and lead our college boy to his corner. The ref comes over and asks shall he stop it, but Benjamin shakes his head.

"I'll let it go one more round," the ref says.

Dinky says nothing. He is working hard over Benjamin.

At the bell the glassy look has left Benjamin's eye, he is breathing easier, and his legs don't shake. He gets up by himself and walks toward Honeyball.

Well, I have knocked around a bit. I have been here and there and I see plenty game guys. But I never hope to see anybody go into a beating as eager as our college boy. "Kid," I think, "you deserve anything you can get outta this lousy game and I do not blame Rose for being crazy over you."

This round is the worst of any. Honeyball is wild to think he can't put this kid away. He don't ease up from gong to gong.

Benjamin has just about strength to reach us. I take one look and see he is on queer street and can't tell one house from another. The ref comes over and fusses around.

"I'm gonna stop it," he says. "This

(Continued on page 46)

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University Punch

(Continued from page 44)

boy is gonna be hurt."

"He's O.K.," Dink snarls. "Give him a break."

"I oughta stop it," he says, but he is undecided and does nothing.

The whistle blows and we put an arm under each of Benjamin's arms to get him on his feet. My head is close to his and I hear him mumbling something I don't get. It sounds like "Come on, Yale," only that don't make sense.

"Lissen, kid," Dinky says. "Get in and punch his belly."

Benjamin does not seem to hear. We give him a start, and he ploughs into Honeyball. Suddenly I see his right sock Honeyball just under the ribs. It is a wow, and Honeyball's breath comes out in one gulp that you can hear in row J. Before he can get it back, Benjamin has slugged him with another right and a left. He is near broke in half with them punches, and he backs away pawing in Benjamin. The quiet which has been hanging over the crowd explodes in one roar and it is bedlam on all sides. All but ten or a dozen is now pulling for Benjamin. They are standing on chairs and each other's shoulders begging our college boy to take Honeyball apart so he can't be put together again. Honeyball, is back on the ropes and Benjamin is loosening all his ribs. It does not last long for Honeyball is tough and wise. He gets out in the ring again and begins to jab Benjamin. But he has been shook up good. I can see he is not so easy in his mind, and he begins to miss punches. Just as the bell rings Benjamin clouts him two more that sounds like a horse had kicked him, and Honeyball's knees buckle.

WE get our college boy on the stool and start to work on him. He is muttering and mumbling, and I hear him talking about Yale, and I guess he is goofy and thinks he is back in Yale College.

Well, just as he goes out, he sort of comes to for a second, and he turns toward Dinky and tries to grin. For a minute I think Dinky is gonna bust out crying. He smacks Benjamin on the back and croaks, "We're all with you kid," which sounds funny coming from Dinky, only I feel the same way.

Well, Honeyball finishes him in this round. We pick him up, and he is like a sack of flour. Dinky is crying, now, and nobody laughs. We don't try to bring him around, we just pick him up and cart him up the aisle to the dressing room. And the hand he gets is the kind you don't never forget, even when you're an old name which nobody can remember.

I stick around only long enough to see Benjamin come back to this world, and then I make a break for the door.

I drag it open and Rose near falls into me. She is pale like a ghost and her face is all running with tears. She gives me one look, says, "You are a liar, and I never want to see you again," and goes over to Benjamin.

I do not claim to be extra bright and I know when I am through. It is not the words Rose uses but the way she says them. All at once I feel tired. It is as if everything has stopped and will not start going ever.

So I open the door again and in the corridor something looms up. I take only one look—which is plenty—then, I pull the door closed quick behind me.

"Well," I remark affable, "you got a tough break, Honeyball."

He puts that long pan of his close up against mine and talks without moving his lips much.

"Listen," he says, "I don't get this, fellow. But I know one thing. I got another half a grand comin' to me and right now is when I want it."

I step aside before I answer, so Honeyball has to turn his back to the door I have just come out of. That way I have a little elbow room.

"Honeyball," I say, "I admit you got a lousy deal. And I won't welsh on the extra jack. Only I ain't got it on me. If you meet me tomorrow p.m. I'll have it."

"Now," says Honeyball, "or I take it outta your hide."

"O.K.," I say.

Then I socked him. I am pretty hefty myself and have picked up a little about socking here and there. I do not sock him just with my muscles. I put into it everything that has been boiling in me for a long time. It is a sock such as I never hope to land again, for I never wish to feel like I feel at the moment my sock lands on the point of Honeyball's chin. Honeyball rises sudden like he is on a spring and smacks back against the door of Benjamin's dressing room. The door flies open and Honeyball falls into the room. I hear a roar from Dinky; Rose screams and one or two others make different sounds.

I turn around and go down the corridor. I am not sore anymore, only empty inside, and not thinking about much except that my hand hurts from the sock I gave Honeyball.

WELL, it is two days later and I am sitting in a place just off B'way. I am trying to read dope sheets but I keep thinking about Rose and Ben-

jamin and if they is on the way to Niagara Falls when the door opens and who comes in but Benjamin himself. He spots me and comes over grinning, with his hand out. There is nothing to do but appear friendly, and really I am not sore at our college boy. In fact there is only admiration for him, even if the green devils are keeping me awake nights. So I say, "Hello," and push out a chair. He does not look so bad outside of a beautiful pair of black lamps.

"I wanted to see you," he says, "and thank you from the heart for giving me the chance you did."

I gulped at this one, for it is not often that anybody gives thanks after being led into a fight with Honeyball Johnson.

"Yes," he goes on. "Thanks to you I have collected enough jack to put my folks back on their feet."

"Oh," I say, not knowing what to say.

He sits looking at me and then he grins sudden.

"When this Honeyball gets over your sock the other eve," he says, "and what a sock that was—Dinky puts the screws on him and he comes clean. While I do not approve of what you did, I see why you did it, and so I don't feel sore."

"It was not so much for you," I say. "It was most for Rose."

"I get that, too. And so does Rose. Sam," he says, "I did not know how things stood between you and Rose. She is the swellest girl I have ever met, and I . . . I . . . Well, I would like to marry her."

This is too much, I think. Why does this kid have to come and blab about Rose to me? I say, very short, "Well, who's stopping you?"

"Rose," Benjamin says, sighing. "She will not marry me. She says I must go back to Yale College and finish my education."

My heart gives three thumps and then almost quits for good.

"So I am going back"—he pulls out a watch—"in one hour and twenty minutes."

And somehow, I feel he is not too broke up about Rose, and already he is thinking most about this Yale College and how crazy he is about it. He gets up and puts out his hand and grins that nice kid grin.

"Rose says to tell you she is home most every eve," he remarks. "I told her if you and she happen to be around New Haven in the spring, you could drop in for commencement, maybe."

We shake hands and Benjamin goes out. I wait a minute so I won't trample him when I make a break for a taxi.

Blind Man's Holiday

(Continued from page 42)

ing so tightly to his. But he couldn't see her anyhow. He was warm now, though there was still the memory of a dream in which he was slowly freezing to death in cold, black ice. But that had gone, and he was conscious of closely wrapped blankets, and a hot water bottle in the center of his back.

That stirring at the side of the bed, that must be Lad.

Carol's voice seemed to be coming from an immense distance. She was talking to her father.

"And Daddy, half an hour after they got the children out the whole school house collapsed and was carried away. If we had waited until morning. . . ."

He couldn't open his eyes now. He'd wait a minute. What was that she was saying?

"There wasn't another man in that office had the courage to do it, Dad. Now you do realize he's a hero?"

"Rubbish," said Mr. Crosby. "Don't tell me. I've always known the boy had the stuff in him. He's got brains, too. The way he got the goods on Chandler—why, that crooked contractor almost had me fooled. Soon as Ken's well enough I'm going to have a talk with him. I'm going to take him into my office. We need men like him. He'll probably end up in Washington."

Ken heard Carol give a gasp.

"Why, Daddy, I thought you said there was no place in politics for a blind man. You said—"

"Never mind what I said. Anyhow, Ken's no blind man. There's more than one way of seeing things. And what Ken's got is a lot more important than eyesight. Ken's got vision. . . ."

A rough head pushed itself underneath Ken's fingers and he felt the caress of a warm tongue. Life hadn't gone on without him. It was there waiting for him. Carol to love him . . . Lad to serve him . . . work and achievement ahead of him. It wasn't the end of things, it was only the beginning. It was morning instead of twilight.

He opened his eyes, and Mr. Crosby's voice boomed at him from the foot of the bed.

"Well, young man, what's all this you've been doing while I've been away?"

Ken grinned, holding Carol's hand tightly.

"Nothing to speak of, Mr. Crosby. I guess you might describe it as the tag end of a blind man's holiday."

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Violet and the Keeper

(Continued from page 23)

tell them so Schlemmel knows? No. You make it like in letters telling you your husband is fooling with a blonde. You say it's from A Friend, see."

The dealer looked at her curiously. "Schlemmel is the famous hippo man, isn't he?"

"Famous! Dirty old mud hog! You say it's from A Friend. Never mind Schlemmel, young feller."

Bennelli went away. In a few minutes he came back, smiling benignly. "The Director will be happy to accept our fine young hippo," he said. "We can make delivery immediately on receipt of the money."

Mrs. Schlemmel mopped her face and twisted her handkerchief into a soggy wad. "So soon as I draw the money from the savings bank out, I will bring it to you," she said.

It was past lunch time when Mrs. Schlemmel let herself into her own apartment. She was limp and bedraggled and dripping with sweat, the chill, clammy sweat of terror.

"Ach, Gott," she wailed as she put away her finery and pulled on a cotton house dress, "three thousand dollars for a dirty old mud hog! Better I should of talked to Schlemmel once more. But no, he was like crazy. Proud like a fool he was.

"Now we can't never buy the farm. Now we ain't got nothing laid by for our old age. Twenty years work and savin'. Twenty years I washed and cleaned and kept things nice. And what do I do? Yeah, what? I throw it away on a mud hog—because Schlemmel makes of hisself a fool!"

"Maybe I should try to get back from that fella the money. But he wouldn't give it me back. Not him.

"Anyways, my Hansl is worth more to me. That dirty old Violet won't make a fool of him now, I bet you. She'll like a hippo better. Of course she will. Oh, Gott, you wouldn't let me throw away all that money on a hippo she don't like, would you?"

She tried to tidy up the parlor. But all she could see was a jumbled panorama of Schlemmels and Violets and hundred dollar bills. Three thousand dollars!

She got out the ironing board and worked mechanically. But she was seeing the farm they had dreamed about—a little white house, all clean and neat, and white chickens strutting, and a soft-eyed cow, and a big sunny kitchen, and Schlemmel whistling as he chopped stove wood. And then the cow turned into Violet, and the chickens into hundred dollar bills. It was unbearable. She paced the floor and wrung her hands and sobbed.

"If he didn't make of hisself such a fool," she moaned.

But at last the day was done.

It was late when Schlemmel came home. He hung up his hat and washed his hands and brushed his hair; but he didn't take off his coat.

Mrs. Schlemmel bent over the frying pan, every nerve taut, waiting for his kiss on the back of her neck. It didn't come. She brushed the back of her neck absently as though shooing a fly. She took a handkerchief from her apron pocket and wiped her face, and, elaborately, the back of the neck. She said, "Hello, popa."

Schlemmel said, "Hello, moma," and stared out the window. He was pale and he couldn't keep his hands still. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed nervously.

She set the supper on the table, and they ate in silence.

"How was things today?" she asked at last.

"All right."

"Ain't you got nothing to tell me?"

Schlemmel pulled a long black cigar out of his pocket and lighted it with a great air of nonchalance, though his hands shook. He inhaled deeply, and blew out a noisome cloud of smoke. "Moma," he said, "I think we will buy that farm."

"You think—we—buy the farm!" Her voice was shrill with pain, and agony was in her eyes. "Oh, Hansl! Hansl! What have I done!" She clutched the edge of the table, sobbing desperately, not even covering her face. "And now we cannot!"

"Sure we can."

"We cannot. We cannot!"

"Anna!" Mr. Schlemmel stood up and banged the table with his fist. "Anna! You listen to me! You stop that bawling and I tell you."

She gulped down her sobs, but the tears still streamed. "I will listen," she said. "But then I will tell."

"First you listen. Near five o'clock it was, and a truck pulls up. What've they got but a big male hippo. A brute he was. Seems like some millionaire give him to the Park to keep company for Violet, see. The minute I seen him I spotted they was trouble in that baby. . . ."

"Do you know—who—give him?"

"They say he's from A Friend. Think of it, moma—three thousand smackers if he cost a cent!"

She shuddered. "Go on, popa."

"Well, he takes one look at Violet, and he thinks she's nuts. But Violet, she don't know what to do. She likes this bull, but it's me that feeds her, see."

"And then the newspaper fellas show up—the Director's told them about Violet's husband. You don't get a hippo anonymous so often, see. The newspaper fellas want I should pose in the pen with the two of them. But the bull rushes me like—a hippo can be awful quick when he's mad.

An' he gives Violet a poke in the side when she tries to come over. If she sticks out her tongue he pokes her, too. So I say the hell with them."

Relief and misery chased each other across Mrs. Schlemmel's face. "Oh, popa," she wailed. "I gotta . . ."

"Hush while I'm telling you, Anna. The newspaper fellas ask a lot of questions. How does it feel to be jilted by a hippo? And will I try to win her back? All such foolishness. I thinks to myself moma's right—if I ain't careful a fool I make of myself . . ."

"Hansl, I gotta tell you . . ."

"Anna, will you leave me talk!"

"No, I will not. I cannot let you think a lie, Hansl. The truth I must tell if you kill me. It was me bought the hippo. It was me was A Friend. Three thousand dollars already I paid for that hippo . . ."

"WHAT!"

"It's true, Hansl. As true as I'm alive. But so worried I was. Violet, Violet, nothing but Violet. And a fool you was makin' of yourself. And now we won't never get the farm. Never."

Mr. Schlemmel's jaw hung down. His eyes had a stricken look. "You paid three thousand dollars for a bull hippo!" he said in an unbelieving voice. "All the money we had in the world!"

"I did. Oh, I did."

And, amazingly, Mr. Schlemmel laughed, a high laugh that had a hysterical catch in it. "We will tell them to put up a bronze plate, which says that the bull hippo is a gift from Mrs. Hans Schlemmel," he said. "That's a good one, that is! And now, Anna, maybe you will read this." He handed her a telegram.

She wiped her eyes on her sleeve, and read:

*Hippopotamus Keeper Schlemmel
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JOE SCHWINDLEBAUM,
President.

"Popa, this is a joke! It ain't so. Not the pitchers, popa!"

"Take it easy, moma. Lookit, the telegram come from the New York office. I been there and signed the contrack. The expense money we will get tomorrow. Six thousand kaplunks they're paying us for twelve weeks. I want you should get a new dress for the train . . ."

"You mean you will take me with you—to Hollywood—after what I done?" Her voice was incredulous.

"You think I would go without you—no matter what foolishness you done?" Mr. Schlemmel walked around the table and took his wife in his arms. He felt, and in that moment he looked, strong and bold. "Anna," he said. "My little Anna! To think you would be jealous of your Hansl..."

"I was not jealous. It was that you thought only of yourself, and that—that mud hog, and being famous like."

He patted her shoulder. "We will go to Hollywood," he said, "and get rich, and then we will buy a fine farm with chickens and a cow and maybe a horse already."

Moma nodded. "For the whole day, popa, you didn't kiss me."



Mr. Latta Went to Blazes

(Continued from page 15)

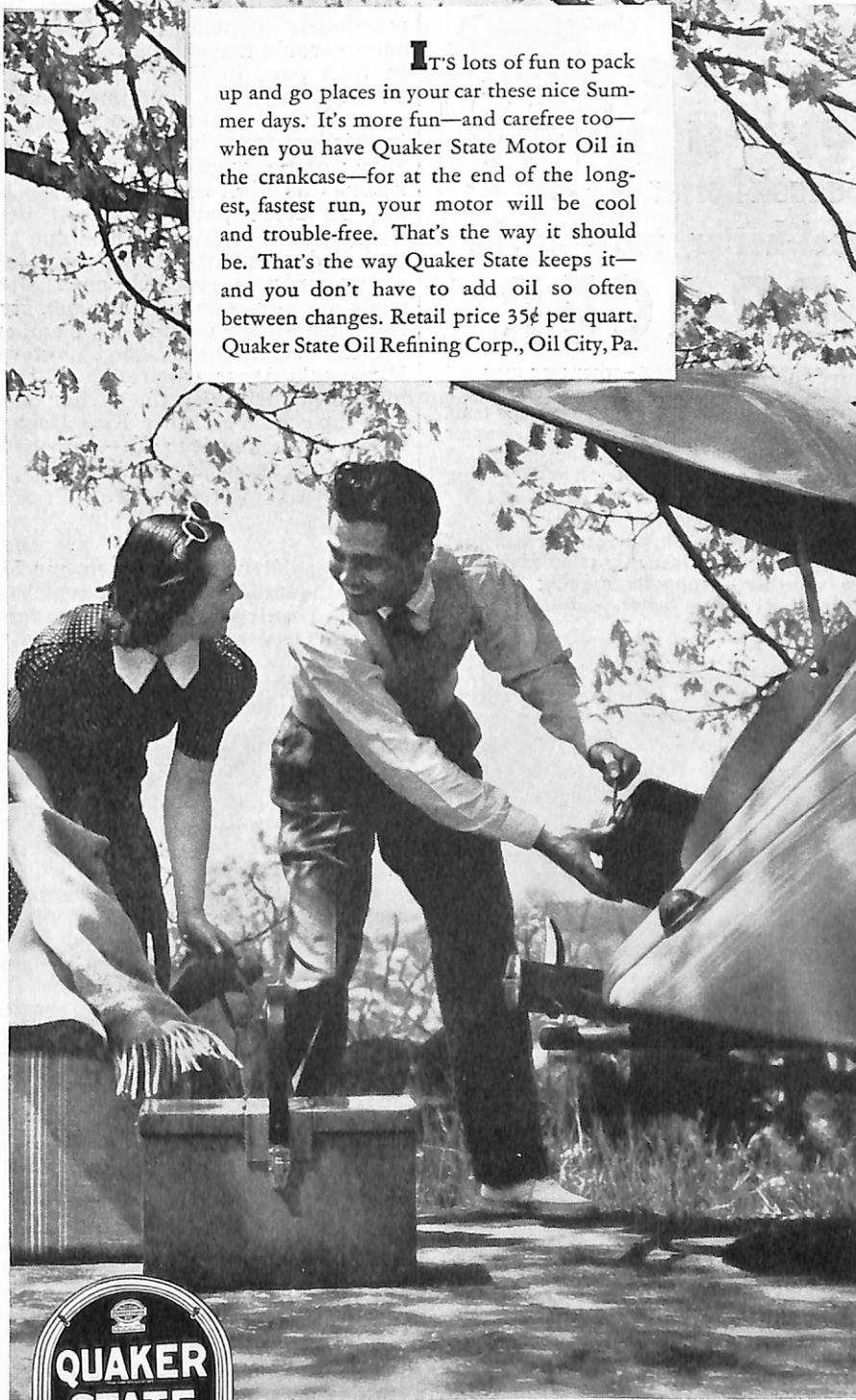
lighted during the evening parades.

As for the engine itself, it was a piece of sheer inspiration. Originally a long, flat, wood-and-metal box slung upon four low wheels, it carried either at its sides or on the ends long rods or pumping handles (the brakes) which were fastened upon a central skeletal framework in the midst of which rose a water-pressure dome of shining brass. Sometimes this dome was a low hemisphere; sometimes—depending upon the theories of the manufacturer—it was tall and shaped faintly like the head and shoulders of a man in a diving suit. The whole engine was a noble bit of architecture and, provided with the panels and other confections of the company art genius, it looked like nothing else in all the world. Even a mad Caesar at his height never dreamed of such chariots to bear the city's guarantee for safety from the Fire Demon down the main street of the old home town. On truly important occasions the hand-tubs were decked with ribbons, streamers, flags and garlands of flowers and all the prizes won at musters were ranged along the sides of the machine for the onlookers to gape at and be impressed. A tub that couldn't carry off some token or other at a muster wasn't worth its salt, nor was its personnel.

The annual fireman's muster was a high mark in the "boys'" lives. Musters were contests to determine which one of a number of hand-tubs

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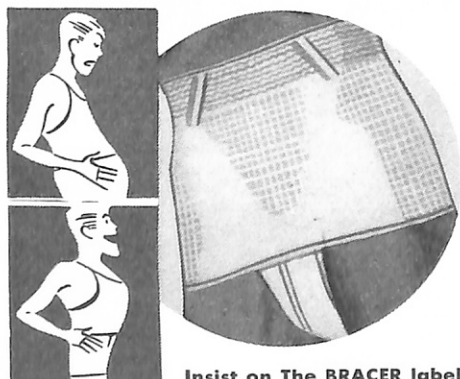
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entered in the competition could out-pump all the rest. Since success in this game depended largely upon the strength of the men who pumped the machine and the astuteness and inspiring qualities of the foreman who directed his men in their work, the muster results became the measure of the fire-fighters' ability as a unit to prove their professional standing. During the 1800's musters were tremendously popular and fire companies would travel hundreds of miles to take part in them. As many as twenty companies sometimes from as many States would gather to play off in this test for prizes that began with silver claret jugs and rose to cash returns as high as \$5,000. Even today in some parts of the United States musters are still held and the logical descendants of the old volunteer companies now drag out the ancient hand-tubs once a year and, styling themselves usually as members of the community Alert Veteran Firemen's Association, play off their machines just as in the earlier days. The current Volunteer Fire Departments in such cities as New Rochelle, New York, and elsewhere are feeble imitators of the old school.

AND so it was that when our Mr. Latta invented his steamer which no longer required thirty-six to forty men to raise a stream to a burning building, he changed an institution in America. Volunteer firemen all over the United States fought his engine tooth and nail because they recognized that it would, as it did, destroy one of their greatest single fun-making and excitement-arousing contrivances. In 1855, New York bought one of the engines which Mr. Latta with a man named Mauch had begun manufacturing commercially. Some months later a report of the Joint Committee on Fire and Water reads in part as follows, and it shows much of temper of the times: "The engine is in order for service. The Council has made provision sufficient to have her at every fire. What now? Will she be at every fire? May she not even yet with all that has been done prove a splendid failure? We answer—she may! The influences which from the beginning have opposed the steam engine will not cease now. Already it is intimated in quarters where power resides that the steam engine is to be used only at large fires. . . . In Cincinnati, the steam engines . . . go to every fire, no matter how small. For a while a few hand engines were used. But now they are abandoned and steam is triumphant!" And from Providence, Rhode Island, Chief Engineer Thomas Aldrich announced on May 31, 1860, "Prejudiced opinions against fire steamers are rapidly subsiding under the strong convictions induced by actual facts; and the time seems close at hand when it will be as anomalous to find any number of practical men desirous of retrograding to

the old order of extinguishing as to meet with an equal number of wise men advocating the extermination of steamboats and locomotives." Captain C. E. White, of the Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 of the same city appealed some time after that for a fuller understanding of the fireman's problems and his need for every advantage modern science can offer. It is not quite clear how he makes his point, but his enthusiasm excuses his obscurity. "I wish to impress upon your minds (he said) that a fireman's life is fraught with danger; that he knows not at what moment whether night or day, winter or summer, that he may be called upon to go down into a cellar where he never was before in his life."

ONE community after another battled its volunteer firemen until a steamer could be secured and with it came a new sense of protection not only from fire but from a group of men suffering from adult infantilism. We are no longer likely to be reported in the English press as we were when a visitor returning from our shores wrote in 1850, "In whatever city the traveler goes, he sees traces of recent conflagration; sometimes whole blocks or often whole streets or parishes levelled to the ground or presenting nothing but bare and blackened walls. . . . Telegraphic wires in New York carry fire alarms through almost countless radii to the whole circumference of the city. Signal boxes are placed at the corner of every square. . . . The completeness of the arrangement and the necessities which called it into existence prove that there is something wrong either in the house-building and house-heating of America or with its fire departments."

The good old days are gone, it is true. The Machine Age has replaced them. Today fire-fighting and fire departments are among the most dependable safeguards of the Nation. Firemen may not be important socially or politically now, in these dull, modern times, but they do fight fires well. They carry on their jobs with a courage no less heroic than was possessed by the volunteer laddies of yesteryear and this in spite of mechanized equipment. While it isn't "fun" any more to be in the fire department our cities have ceased to be blackened ruins. America has grown up a bit and Mr. Latta is largely to blame.

If at night when Mr. Citizen goes to bed, he feels comfortably secure in the thought that his home and loved ones are being protected by the best organized, most efficiently functioning fire-fighting units in the world, he should offer up a silent prayer of gratitude for the fact that Mr. Latta went to blazes.

The Social Side of The Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 34)

to the presence of this Supreme Being in which they believe, and when they stand before the Judgment Seat to be judged by their deeds here on earth, they stand erect and confident, triumphant and unafraid."

The Chanters of Los Angeles, Cal., Lodge No. 99, under the direction of J. Arthur Lewis, then rendered the Twenty-third psalm.

Opening his address in eulogy of Joseph T. Fanning, who served as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1903 to 1904, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland said: "To the harmony of chimes pealing forth the Yuletide message last Christmas morning, Brother Joseph T. Fanning fell asleep. This was a bright, happy, busy world for him—but death came."

Mr. Holland then gave a résumé of Mr. Fanning's service to the Order, his activities in the Grand Lodge, his editorship of *The Elks Magazine*. (A record of these achievements was published in an obituary article on Mr. Fanning in the February, 1937, issue of this Magazine.)

"He loved the Order," Mr. Holland continued, "with sincere devotion to the principles on which it is founded and its precepts, guiding, as they do, our relations with each other as Brothers in a great fraternity as well as our relations with mankind in general."

"He was a man of strong convictions. He recognized no compromise with anything verging on trickery or dishonesty. He perhaps would be classified as a stern man and yet he had a kindly disposition and those in need or distress never appealed to him in vain."

"Death is generally pictured as an avenging angel of horrid mien; stern and relentless, with pinions of black and with hands cold and clammy. We so regard the Death Angel when he takes youth and beauty and those of middle life full of vigor and usefulness, but when he comes to the old and those suffering from an incurable disease, we are at times constrained to picture him differently—in extreme cases even as an Angel of Mercy. We strive thus to regard him when he came to Brother Fanning who awaited his coming with resignation and with feeble hand extended in welcome."

"For a number of years Brother Fanning realized that he had been stricken with a fatal illness but he loved life, he loved his friends, he loved his work, and with a will to live, he, with fortitude and remarkable cheerfulness, determined to fight it out so long as God might give him the strength so to do. It was a battle which to one less willing to meet the issue bravely would have been lost long before he, through sheer exhaustion, placed his hand with utter resignation in the hand of Death and journeyed to a haven of rest for the weary; to a respite from pain, suffering and anguish. But this does not lessen our sorrow nor cause us to accept his death with resignation."

"The lines written by Henry Shaw, better known by his pen name, Josh Billings, on learning of the death of his friend Charles Browne, also better known by his pen name, Artemus Ward, have always appealed to me as comprising one of the most heartfelt tributes ever paid by one friend to another. Because expressed in language more beautiful than I can command, I take the liberty

of adopting it only slightly paraphrased as follows:

"Death has done a cruel thing lately. Death seldom is partial. That is about all that can be said in his favor. He moves his scythe all around the world, now in this field, now in that. Wheat, flowers and weeds drop, wilt and wither; for he scythes early and late, in city and in town, and away off where the wanderers are. Death has done a cruel thing lately. Death seldom is kind. Death moves; many fields are all bare, for Death cuts close as well as cruel. Death loves to mow. He mowed for Abel of old and Abel of yesterday. Death mows strongly; around fall the daisy and the grass, and alone stands the coarse thistle, left for what! God only knows. Death, you have done a cruel thing lately. You have mowed where the most beloved of them all stood. Death, you have mowed where our friend Fanning stood and Elksdom wears mourning for the child of her heart. We are sad and very sorry."

Following Mr. Holland's address, Russell Horton, tenor soloist of the Los Angeles Chanters, sang "Abide With Me."

As part of his introductory remarks in eulogy of Fred Harper, who served as Grand Exalted Ruler from 1917 to 1918, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott said:

"It is hard to part with a friend of years. The human heart is so constructed that it seems to become the very thing it loves and when it loses him it is spiritless and desolate. It is only when death comes, tugging at the bond, that we realize the strength of the union. It is only when the hand we loved to clasp in friendly salutation is forever stilled, that we become fully conscious of the warmth that once was there. It is only when the eye grows dark and dim under the gathering shadows that we appreciate the love light that lay hidden within. It is only when the voice of our devoted friend is forever stilled that we realize that every tone was sweet music to our ears. It is only when the light of his life goes out that we fully realize all that he meant to us."

Mr. Abbott then proceeded to summarize Mr. Harper's attainments in civic life, his accomplishments in the legal profession, his service to the Order. (These phases of Mr. Harper's career are recorded in an obituary published in the March, 1937, issue of *The Elks Magazine*.)

Mr. Abbott then said:

"By nature Fred was warm hearted, magnanimous, and one of the most unselfish of men. His lofty leadership was attained by no easy going gait nor by merry jaunting. He climbed the heights by virtue of determined will and unrelenting effort and real ability."

"He had a most careful and meticulous taste in words. His editorials in *The Elks Magazine* were the result of painstaking care and breathed his sweet and gentle nature. It would have been as unnatural for Fred to write loud and ungainly things as for Rembrandt to paint a Cubist picture."

"He had, too, a delicious sense of humor—the humor without hurt—the humor which brings the smile before the laugh. His fund of stories depicting the life and his real experiences with the old dandy of his beloved South, were limitless."

"The service that makes great citizenship is as varied as genius and temperament, and Fred truly exemplified this thought. He held such a large place in our affections,

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Are you a "Carrier?" Don't say "no" until you answer the following questions.

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★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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It immediately gives you an erect athletic carriage.
● Many enthusiastic wearers write that the Weil
Belt not only reduces fat but it also supports the
abdominal walls and, with the digestive organs re-
turned to more normal position, indigestion and
constipation are greatly relieved.

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warn against obesity, so don't wait any longer.
● We repeat—if you do not take off 3 inches of fat
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not because of the splendor of his intellect—not because of his high culture nor his scholarship revealed to us in our intimate association with him, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked traits of character which gave coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly delightful personality and which made such an impression upon our Order ever since he came to Grand Lodge. He was truly a man's man and yet as gentle as a woman. There is no one who associated with him but felt better and stronger and happier for having been with him. No one could really converse with him for any length of time without gaining something from him. His language breathed the sweetness of his character and had a wealth of imagery, a power and a brilliance that made him one of the much sought-after speakers at all public gatherings. How often we of Grand Lodge have felt the power and spell of his silver tongue.

"As I have said, Fred loved our Order. He was a member of no other secret society. On one occasion, in pleading for the cultivation of what he called the Elks' virtues, we hear him proclaiming his faith in these glowing words:

"For myself, I believe that when my days are ended here and I am called to my final account in the 'Great Beyond', the degree of calmness and courage with which I shall be able to meet my God will directly depend upon the degree of fidelity with which I have kept the faith of Elkhood."

"May I close these very inadequate words of appreciation to my devoted and cherished friend with the words of our California Poet (George Sterling), in saying farewell to a very dear friend:

"O dear departed dust,
May sleep be kind to you;
You pass, as all men must—
O tender, strong and true.
As here at last we part,
Remember, spirit brave,
Something of everyone's heart,
Goes with you to the grave."

At the conclusion of Mr. Abbott's address, the Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge again participated in the exercises with their splendid interpretation of "The Lost Chord."

The final selection on this impressive program was "Taps" sung by the Elks Chorus of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge No. 1046, in an arrangement for which this choral group is noted. When the chorus had finished, the melody was repeated, first by one cornetist on the stage, and then by another, echoing this lamenting refrain from the depths of the hall.

ON Wednesday morning the finals of the National Golf Tournament, 18 holes medal play at handicap, took place at the Wellshire Municipal Golf Course. The National Drill Team Contest got under way in the Civic Center and the Elks bands competed in the Greek Theatre of the Civic Center.

The Grand Lodge business session was held in the afternoon. Many visitors to Denver amused themselves at Elitch Gardens, one of the world's finest amusement centers. That evening the Grand Ball for visiting Elks and their families was held at the Denver Municipal Ball Room. Miss Virginia Asnicar of Sterling, Colorado, was selected as Miss Colorado, following a colorful revue in which the State's most beautiful girls appeared. Miss Asnicar, who won as first prize, a trip to Hollywood and a chance to qualify for the movies, was picked from a bevy of 21 Colorado beauties. Decision was close

and the judges arrived at their selection only after the girls had paraded before them several times. The Ball itself was a brilliant and exciting affair at which hundreds of Elks and their ladies enjoyed themselves until early Thursday morning.

THURSDAY

Thursday morning the official Grand Lodge business session was held at the Municipal Auditorium, but many of the visiting Elks and residents of Denver at large were seeking points of vantage from which to view the parade which took place that afternoon. The spectacle was a fitting climax to the Convention as the fifty-odd elaborate and ornate floats entered by the various Lodges of the Order and the State Associations moved majestically through the streets. Virtually all city offices had been closed for the event and business was at a standstill in the downtown district as 60,000 Elks, customers and workers stood on curbs, peered out of stores or ran to windows to see all that was to be seen.

A police motorcycle escort led the procession, and behind the officers came the Colorado officials including Grand Marshall Jacob L. Sherman, Grand Esquire. They were followed by the only group of soldiers in the entire parade, the Second Engineers of the United States Army from Fort Logan.

Parading before a reviewing stand where Elk officials and the judges were to award the prizes to the best floats, came eight divisions of brilliantly decorated floats, costumed marching bands of men and women, bands, drum and bugle corps, horses and automobiles, all adorned in the most vivid colors possible. The Elks were out to cap the climax of an outstanding Convention and with this parade they more than succeeded. The cavalcade took more than two and one half hours to pass a given point. Denver first held its breath and then roared with applause as the gay spectacle passed before its eyes.

The winning floats were those entered by the Indiana State Assn., first, and the Illinois State Assn., second, for State Associations entries, and Aspen, Colo., first and Pueblo, Colo., second, for Colorado Lodge entries.

Awards for the various Convention events, which began on Tuesday, continued through to the termination of the Reunion. Jim Lewis, a methodical golfer from Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge put the John J. Doyle Trophy, symbolic of the National Elks Golf Championship, in his pocket. In his first 18 holes at Cherry Hills he gathered in a 74. On the Park Hill course he took a lead with a 69 and on Wednesday brought in a 74 to make the total of 217 for the 54 holes of medal play over three Denver courses.

Defending champion Adrian French, of Huntington Beach, Calif.,

took second honors with 222 strokes. John Figiera, also of Huntington Beach, finished third with 225.

C. D. Schlessleman, crack shooter from Iowa City, Ia., won the handicap trophy in the National Trap Shoot Tournament with 94 hits in 100 efforts from 21 yards. Mr. Schlessleman was one shot better than F. E. Blair and O. F. Nigro, the latter shooting from 22 yards and the former other claimant for the position, from 21. R. A. King, of Wichita Falls, Tex., took the over-all championship on registered targets with 92 birds from 23 yards in the handicap. E. J. Morehead captured the 100-target skeet competition after a shootoff with C. J. Dando. Both finished with 91 out of 100, then Mr. Morehead cracked 23 targets in 25 shots for the title.

The Class B championship in skeet was won by Ted Kirby with a score of 80 out of 100, while Dick Kunkler won the Class C competition with 78 out of 100.

First place, and \$500 prize money, in the Ritualistic Contest which was held on Monday, July 12, were won by Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, closely followed by Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, and Decorah, Iowa, Lodge, No. 443, with second and third places respectively. Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge's Ritualistic Team came in fourth, while the teams of Bellingham, Wash., and Great Bend, Kans., Lodges tied for fifth place.

In the National Drill Team Contest held Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, was awarded first prize, the Palm Beach Trophy. Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, came in second; Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, third; Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, fourth, and San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, fifth. The National Glee Club Contest resulted in a tie between the Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, double quartet, and the famous "Chanters of 99" representing Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. The judges agreed, however, to give first money to the Santa Ana double quartette. The National title, however, went to the "Chanters of 99."

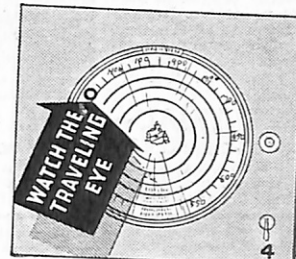
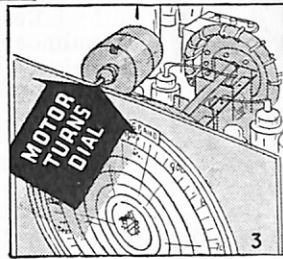
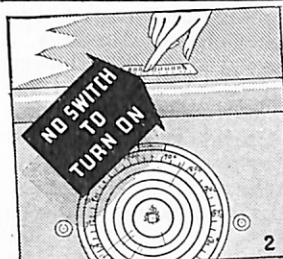
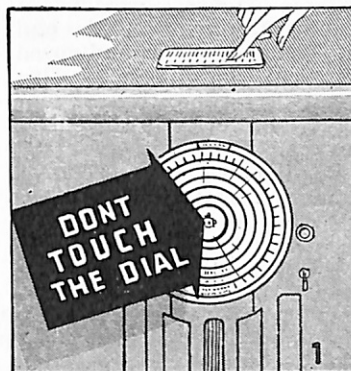
Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, was awarded the first prize of \$150 in the Drum and Bugle Corps Contest and Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, placed second. The Drum and Bugle Corps of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, scored high in the contest, but unfortunately was disqualified by the judges for leaving the contesting field one minute and 48 seconds before the prescribed minimum performance time of 13 minutes.

The Band of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, now boasts the title of Elks National Band, having taken the Class A championship. Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, was the only other competitor in this Class. Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 262, won the Class B championship and Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 1046, took second prize in this Class.

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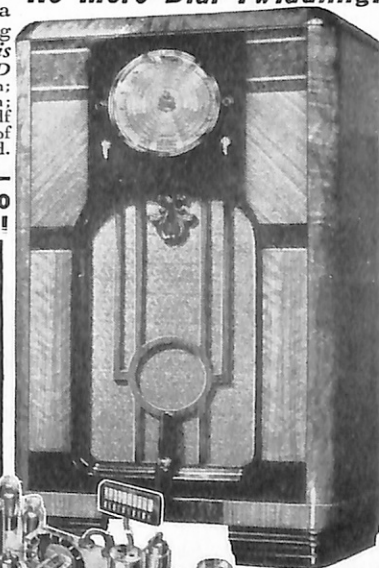
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and the most complete rodeos ever staged in the West. At the Denver University Stadium a spectacular ghost of the Old West assumed material form in the Elks Rocky Mountain Pageant. An aggregation of trick riders, dare devils and bronco busters battled against some of the wildest horses west of the Mississippi, as well as a large number of vicious Brahma steers, provided a sporting entertainment that had everything—color, danger, and speed plus historical significance. One hundred and fifty Sioux braves lent an atmosphere of verity to the entire procedure.

The Pageant ended with a chorus headed by many famous singing stars featuring Songs of the Range. The evening closed with an appealing rendition of the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

FRIDAY

On Cheyenne Mountain, surrounded by miles of plains and overlooking Broadmoor and Colorado Springs, a thousand Elks stood with bowed heads in tribute to the late Will Rogers while Charles Spencer Hart, the Order's new Grand Exalted Ruler, eulogized the beloved humorist during services held on July 16 in connection with the Elks' Pilgrimage to the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun memorial. Mr. Hart's splendid speech received a tremendous ovation from the audience. He was introduced by E. R. T. S. Barnes of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 309. The impressive services were broadcast over a national hookup. The Mutual Broadcasting Company put the program on the air from coast to coast, a broadcaster being on the scene throughout the services. KVOR carried the program locally.

"Two years ago, the man with the warmest heart in America flew into arctic space and left a heritage of friendship seldom known in modern times," said Mr. Hart. "Today we meet to pay tribute to his memory and to dedicate this shrine set among these everlasting hills where Will Rogers used to come for respite from a busy world and gain new inspiration from the grandeur of these mountains. He himself would have chosen no other place."

"But no matter how beautiful this monument may be, he has a more enduring one in the hearts and memories of the American people. He would not care to have us indulge in oratory. He hated flowery speeches. He was a man full of simple words and quaint thoughts and laughter attended on his coming. He could dispose of the sham of a nation with an epigram and nothing false seemed to escape his kindly censure."

"So let us say simply, that the world loved him, that his country misses him and that his going left a place which cannot be filled."

"Will Rogers was essentially an American—he was a citizen of the world. Providence marked him as a favored instrument for the creation

of a better understanding between other nations and his own. In foreign lands he represented democracy in its simplest form; a modest man, friendly to all the world; loyal to his own country and interested in a peaceful solution of international problems and the abolition of war."

"Will lived and spoke the truth. In the strong sunshine of his mind no germ of falsehood could survive. He had an open hand, an open heart and the gift of homely common sense."

"The rare talents of philosopher and humorist were pressed together into the service of a harassed people. Will is out of the fight, but for those who knew and loved him his memory shines. Let us hope that some of his truth and abiding trust in humanity lingers in this world that needs him now."

"As members of the great national fraternity of Elks in which he was long active, we pay our tribute to him by our pilgrimage to this monument, built in love and friendship by his comrade, Spencer Penrose. And as future generations come and go and pass this lasting shrine, may they, as we are doing now, tarry here for awhile in grateful memory; then go forth with a finer philosophy of life, based on fellowship and faith; better Americans with strengthened confidence in the future—because Will Rogers lived."

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's address was the highlight of the program which included songs by the Chanters of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, under the leadership of their director, J. Arthur Lewis, appropriate numbers by the Elks Band of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, and songs by the Elks Quartet of Springfield, Mo., Lodge, No. 158. Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., pronounced the Benediction. During the 25 years following his initiation into New York Lodge, Will Rogers was a member in good standing.

The picturesque view afforded by the high point at which it is placed and the beauty of the Shrine itself made a lasting impression on the hundreds who were enjoying the privilege of being present on this solemn yet happy occasion. A hush fell over the crowd when the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended by Mr. Barnes and by Spencer Penrose, who built the Shrine and had long been one of Will Rogers' warm personal friends, placed a wreath in honor of the great American at the entrance to the Shrine.

The Pilgrimage followed closely the meetings and festivities of the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver. Elaborate preparations had been made by Colorado Springs Lodge for the reception of the visiting Elks. Open House was maintained at the Lodge Home where the ladies were shown special attention. Many side

trips were provided through the Garden of the Gods to the historical beauty spots of the region. Plenty of cars were on hand for the journey to the Shrine and for sightseeing tours. A special committee of Elks, in charge of transportation, was made up of Chief Hugh D. Harper, Sheriff Sam Deal, P.E.R., and Mr. Penrose. P.E.R. G. E. Martin was Chairman of the General Entertainment Committee. Everything was handled with successful precision. Police officers, assisted by the Sheriff's office and by men from the CCC camps, directed traffic over the winding highway.

Colorado Springs Lodge left nothing undone by way of giving the visitors a real Western welcome. The

event was a miniature convention in itself, with uniformed bands and patrols marching about the streets, and Grand Lodge officers and delegates present in large numbers. The Lodge's hospitality, the fine management of all the numerous details connected with an event of such importance and magnitude, the fact that this was among the first Elk gatherings addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Hart, and the spirit of affection and fraternalism that drew so many members of the Order to the Shrine which honors the memory of a brother Elk—all conspired to make the Pilgrimage one of the never-to-be forgotten experiences of a lifetime.



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

Maine State Elks Assn. at its annual meeting on Sunday, June 20, at Old Orchard Beach. His associate officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., Romaine J. Marcoux, Lewiston; 2nd Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Lesieur, Biddeford-Saco; 3rd Vice-Pres., Ernest C. Simpson, Waterville; Secy.-Treas., Edward R. Twomey, Portland, reelected. Retiring President Lester C. Ayer, of Portland, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, was elected Trustee for three years. Waterville was selected as next year's meeting place.

The business meeting was held in the Palace Ballroom at Old Orchard. Among the honor guests of the Association were Past Pres. Fred L. Sylvester and former Governor Louis J. Brann of Lewiston Lodge, and Past State Pres. C. Dwight Stevens, Portland. The Degree Team of Biddeford-Saco, Me., Lodge, No. 1597, which holds the ritualistic championship of Maine and New Hampshire, was presented with the silver loving cup donated by the Gannett Publishing Co. of Portland. The Team conferred the degree on a class of 28 candidates. A trophy was given also to P.E.R. Daniel E. Crowley of Biddeford-Saco Lodge.

A clambake on the lawn of the Ocean House followed the meeting, and a sports and social program was carried out in the afternoon. The Convention Ball was held Saturday night at Paquin Hall, Biddeford.

Massachusetts

Saturday, June 19, the opening day of the 23rd Annual Convention of the Mass. State Elks Assn., held at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, found Elks, representing 46 Lodges of the State, accompanied by their ladies, gathering at the beautiful seaside resort in large numbers. It was estimated that

more than 1,000 persons were present during the three days of the meeting. Plenty of entertainment was provided by Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892. The golf links of the Bass Rocks and Rockport Country Clubs attracted the golfers, while others enjoyed bathing at the beaches, fishing expeditions and sightseeing tours to nearby places of historic interest. The Emblem Clubs of Massachusetts gave a dance in the Convention Hall. J. Stanley Thompson, E.R. of the local Lodge, was Chairman of the Convention Committee on Arrangements, the members of which were George M. Griffin, James C. Greeley, Jr., George Steele, Clarence E. Blatchford and Leo Hennessy. P.E.R. Walter E. Hill, of Everett Lodge, conducted the Convention Memorial Exercises.

On Sunday morning the retiring State President, John F. Burke of Boston, placed a wreath at the base of the monument dedicated to the memory of Gloucester fishermen. Accompanying Mr. Burke were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Brookline, member of the Grand Forum; Edwin K. McPeck, Adams Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Thomas J. Brady, Brookline Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

At the business session, which was opened at 11 o'clock on Monday morning, the Chairman of the Credentials Committee, Edward Lutsky, Marlborough Lodge, reported that there were present two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, three District Deputies, 10 Past State Presidents, 117 Delegates, 68 Alternates, 33 Exalted Rulers, 86 Past Exalted Rulers and three mem-



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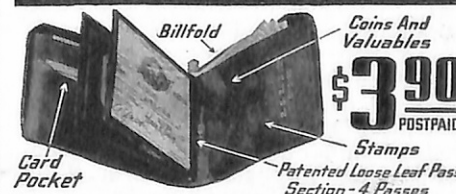
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bers of Grand Lodge Committees. Major Ralph Robart, a member of Cambridge Lodge, represented Gov. Charles F. Hurley. Mr. Malley read the report of the State Elks Scholarship Committee. It was announced that the officers of Somerville Lodge, No. 917, had won the Ritualistic Contest and the James R. Nicholson Trophy. The report of State Secy. J. J. Hourin was most gratifying. All of the State Committees reported on their activities. On the motion of State Secy. Bernard E. Carbin a rising vote of thanks was given Gloucester Lodge for its hard work in

preparing for the convention and for its delightful hospitality. Past State Pres. William J. Moore, of Milford, moved that a Committee be appointed to select a gift for the retiring President in appreciation of his administration which had been outstanding and extremely successful. The Convention voted to accept the invitation of E.R. John J. Murray of Fitchburg Lodge, No. 847, to hold the 24th Annual Meeting there in June, 1938.

E. Mark Sullivan installed the newly elected officers who are as follows: Pres., William B. Jackson, Sr.,

Brookline; 1st Vice-Pres., William J. Durocher, North Adams; 2nd Vice-Pres., William F. Hogan, Everett; 3rd Vice-Pres., Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop; Secy., Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham—20th consecutive year; Treas., Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn—18th consecutive year; Trustees, Ivan D. Servais, Concord, Leslie W. Sims, Maynard, John J. Ward, Medford, Michael J. Cuneo, Woburn, John G. Hedges, North Attleboro, Alexander C. Warr, Wareham, Dr. L. J. Pereira, Holyoke, and Robert E. Comiskey, Fitchburg.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

works. One of his most interesting experiences occurs during a stay in Coudoyer, Brittany, where he makes friends with the fishermen and has a love idyll with Jeanne, the daughter of Papa Le Forgeron, who keeps the inn, but Jeanne is only one of the girls who help him on his way until that time, in San Francisco, when a girl with book learning decides to teach him how to write. A lively, adventure-filled tale, "The Anointed" is a sea yarn with a new slant. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Lehmann Describes the Zeppelin

It is horrifying to think that some of man's greatest inventions are also instruments of destruction. Of these the airplane and the Zeppelin seemed to offer such opportunities in war that some authorities expected them to end European civilization. Fear of their use in the next war is unnecessary. The airplane has proved to be the enemy that can conquer the gas bag and the rôle of the latter hereafter is commercial.

The Zeppelin has made slower progress than the airplane and many a costly tragedy has been chalked up against it. But its improvement is steady. Some of its feats are incredible; they are recorded in "Zeppelin," the story of lighter-than-air craft, written by Capt. Ernst A. Lehmann, commander of the Hindenburg, which was destroyed by fire at Lakehurst, N. J., May 6, 1937. Capt. Lehmann did not survive that disaster. He had already written this book. Commander Charles E. Rosendahl added a postscript describing the loss of the Hindenburg.

Capt. Lehmann was already in command of a Zeppelin when the war broke out. Germany had twelve and Capt. Lehmann had charge of one of three used for commercial trips. Nobody knew how the Zeppelin could be used; its inventor hoped to use it on reconnaissance, but even the German soldiers shot at it when it appeared over their lines. Eventually the Zeppelin was used to bomb London and other cities; Capt. Lehmann tells the story of all the ships, especially those that were destroyed; for

Germany built eighty-eight during the war.

The story of what happened to those ships is exciting, perhaps even more than the account of commercial flying across the Atlantic, which re-echoes to the glory of man. Yet it is the latter chapter that deserves to be emphasized. As Capt. Lehmann wrote before he died, thirty-six years of airship experience lay behind the Hindenburg, which landed its passengers without a trace of airsickness. "World traffic via airship has begun," he wrote. Its story is just opening. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Two Remarkable Books on Spain

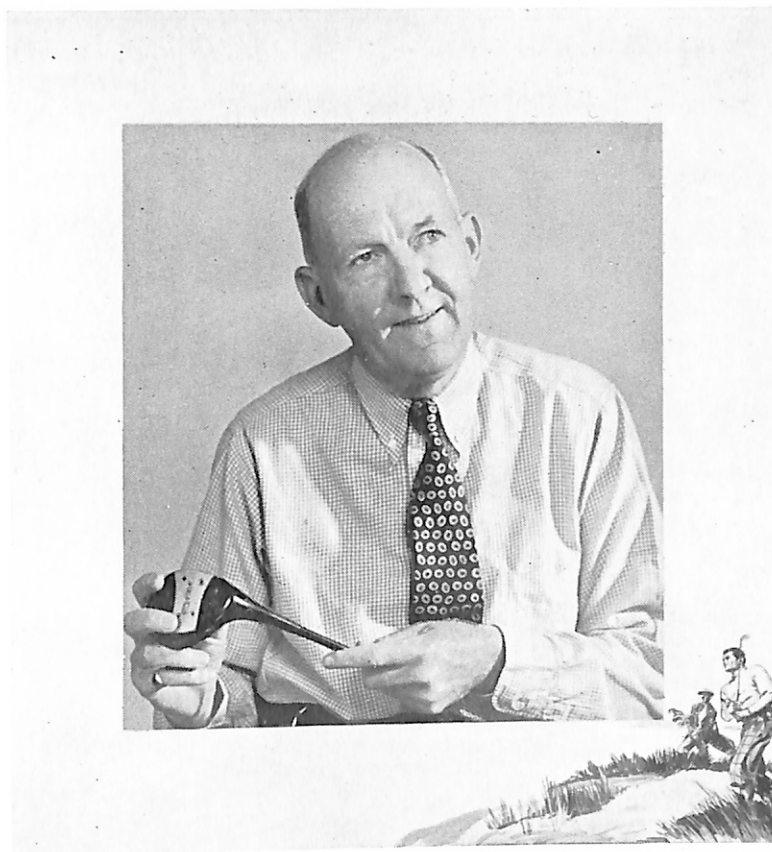
Many Americans look back on happy vacations in Spain in better days. Not all of them knew the Spanish people as intimately as Elliot Paul came to know them in five years passed off and on at Santa Eulalia, on the island of Ibiza. Paul, an American writer resident in Paris, has faith in simple people; he enjoys their songs, loves to hear talk of their occupations and the lives they live. In "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town" he describes them all with the generosity of a friend; fishermen, innkeepers, carpenters, mechanics, men of all factions, though his sympathies are with the Spanish government. What sort of men are fighting in Spain? Here they are, workmen and peasants, who for a brief space enforced republican rule on the island and then gave way to the fascists, Italian and rebel troops. Before that the anarchists executed all the fascist prisoners; after the troops landed they cut down all the leading republicans. Paul knew them personally; to them they were human beings with no desire to get engulfed in a general war. His book reconstructs their society, the loss of which he mourns. (Random House)

OF a different nature is "The Siege of Alcazar" by Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss. Major Moss talked with the survivors of this famous

siege in Toledo and reconstructed its events in the form of daily reports, describing the gradual destruction of the old fortress and the incredible heroism of the soldiers and women cooped in its tunnels and passages, holding out for seventy days until relief came. The shells burst amid the wails of women and children; the dead were hastily buried in shallow graves inside the Alcazar. Three mines were exploded under the castle and the towers were destroyed. Again and again the government troops tried to enter the Alcazar through breaches in the walls, but the defenders picked them off as fast as they came. Sometimes they worked close to the walls; at other times they threw canisters of petrol over the defences and set them on fire with bombs, to no avail. Five mules and one horse remained in the Alcazar at the end of the siege; there was enough wheat left for just six days. Major Moss' book is a document of originality and importance. Here, in a nutshell, is the whole action, described for posterity. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

Sea Stories and Articles

There must be many readers of this Magazine who enjoy sailing, rowing, cruising in motor boats and fishing in brooks and in salt water; for them Eric Devine has compiled an anthology of articles and stories that will hold them for some time after the season closes. "Blow the Man Down" is filled with exciting and exhilarating yarns. Everybody has heard of Zane Grey's exploits; here he describes big-game fishing in the South Seas. Here is Ernest Hemingway telling what a great sport game fishing in Florida waters can become. The story of the America's cup is told by Herbert L. Stone; Capt. Abildgaard describes "Bermuda Fever"; Archie Binns tells about sailing habits in Long Island Sound; Capt. Joshua Slocum writes about the building of the Spray. Thirty-five contributions, grave and light, none too serious, make this an inviting anthology for sailing men. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)



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Ed Eriksen is the golf pro at North Hempstead Country Club, Long Island. He is well-known to most of the top players of the game. Year after year, Ed spends his time in the sunshine giving lessons, and his face is burned brown before summer ends.

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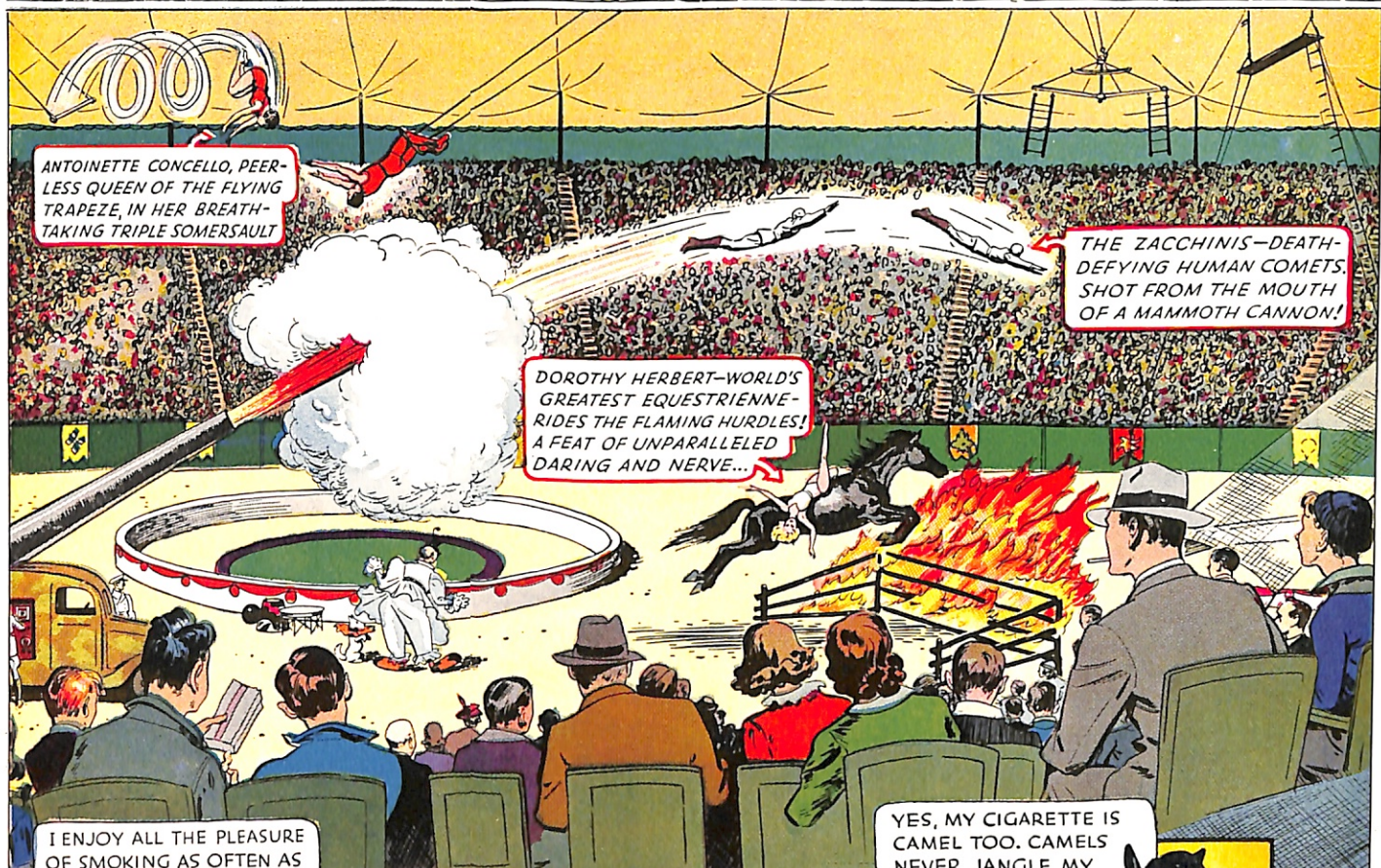
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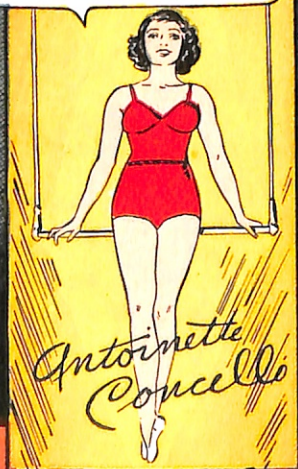
DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...

I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES

THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES

I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%

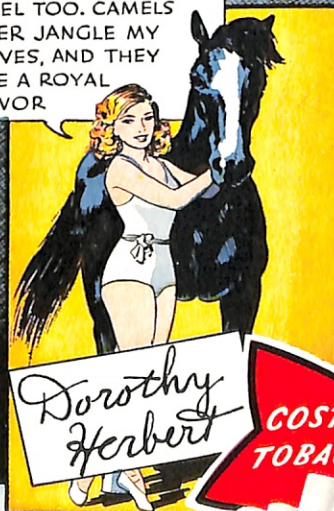
YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR



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Dorothy Herbert

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